POEMS;
AMOROUS,
MORAL,
AND
DIVINE.

LONDON:
Printed for JONAS BROWN, at the *Black-Swan*, without *Temple-Bar*; and JER. BATLEY, at the *Dove* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1718.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

3 Gf

TO

My dear and worthy Friend,

Mr. *Henry Needler*,

THESE

POEMS,

AS

A Teſtimony of true Reſpect,

AND

A Monument of Friendſhip,

Are DEDICATED *by*

His moſt ſincere and

faithful Friend,

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

IT will be proper to acquaint the Reader, that almoſt all the following Poems, were compoſed in that Seaſon of Life, when the Paſſions *generally retain a Dominion over* Reaſon; *when the Mind is a Novice in Reflection; and before I had gained that competent Knowledge of the World, which is abſolutely neceſſary, in order to form juſt and adequate Notions of Things.*

I ſay not this to excuſe the bad Poetry which may be diſcover'd in theſe Sheets, but to vindicate my Morals from any malevolent Imputation,

for

Advertisement.

for the little Levities and amorous Liberties of ſome of the Love-Poems, on the one Hand; and for the Contradiction of Principles, which appears in ſome that were written on very oppoſite Occaſions in the State, on the other.

Againſt theſe, I think, I may reaſonably hope what is ſaid above, will be allow'd a ſufficient Plea, by every candid and ingenuous Mind. For ſurely, there are none to be found ſo deſtitute of Good-Nature, *as to make no Allowances for the* united *Fires of* Youth, *and* Poetry. *And again, if there be any ſo Narrow-ſoul'd, and of ſo poor a Spirit, as never to forgive a few miſtaken Notions, which they ſee embrac'd no longer than 'till the Opportunities of new Light and better Information are afforded; I am ſorry for it. For my Part, I ſhall always rejoyce to be converted to* Truth; *and ſhall never think it a Reproach to confeſs that I have err'd.*

Theſe Things I thought meet to premiſe, that I might eſcape Cenſure for the Choice of my Subjects; and that I might have an Opportunity to requeſt this equitable Favour at the Hands of my Readers, to be accountable only *for Faults of another Kind, I mean for Offences againſt the Laws of Poetry. And Heaven knows I have enow of* theſe *to anſwer for, without ſwelling the Indictment with any* Foreign Charge. *And here,*

Advertiſement.

I confeſs with Humility, I have nothing to ſay in my own Defence; and can only throw my ſelf upon the Mercy of my Sovereign Reader, *whom I acknowledge my ſupream Judge, and the ſole Arbiter of my Fate. Perhaps he will be pleaſed to conſider me as an Object worthy to be ſpared, when I aſſure him that* I ſhall never offend him any more: *For having thus given theſe Trifles to the Importunity of ſome of my Friends, I have now ſhook Hands with the* Muſes, *and have taken my Leave of* Parnaſſus.

ER-

ERRATA.

PAge 16. Line 4. for *the* read *thy*. p. 43. l. 6. dele the (.) after *tuto*, and add the Word *Credere* in the Beginning of another l. p. 50. l. the laſt but One, for *th'* r. *the*. p. 65. l. 14. for *But* r. *Or*. p. 70. l. 12. for *dooping* r. *drooping*. p. 96. l. 13. for *Gentle* r, *gently*. p. 183. l. 8. for *paint* r. *paints*.

PHILESIA:

OR,

LOVE-POEMS.

———————*Ego ſemper amavi:*
Et ſi quid faciam nunc quoque quæris; amo. Ovid.

TO

STREPHON,

WITH

My Poems to *Phileſia.*

A N

O D E.

I.

HESE Strains, which Love and tendereſt Thoughts infuſe,
To thee, O *Strephon*, for Protection flee;
The Darling thou, of ev'ry Grace and Muſe!
May I, unblam'd, preſent my Lays to thee:

Wilt thou, with Native Goodneſs, condeſcend
To ſave them, with approving Smiles, from Death?
Wilt thou be mine, and bright PHILESIA's Friend,
And ſhield them from the Criticks blaſting Breath?
Wilt thou, from grave and nobler Thoughts unbend
Thy ſtudious Mind a while, and my ſoft Airs attend?

II.

Full well I know the ſweet Love-breathing Songs
To thee were ne'er unwelcome or ingrate;
Indulgent ſtill to all the tuneful Tongues,
That ſofteſt Things harmoniouſly relate.
O, let me hope but to delight thine Ear,
Judicious Bard, with my aſpiring Verſe!
O may I pleaſe thee whilſt I ſing the Fair,
Nor ſhock thy Senſe, whilſt I her Charms rehearſe.
But ah! I fear ſuch glorious Heights to fly,
My Fate-depreſſed Muſe with vain Efforts will try.

III.

'*Apollo*, bright *Latona*'s Radiant Son,
'Thou God of Verſe and Harmony Divine, Fa-

'Father of Poets, Author of Renown,
'And Sacred Prince of all the tuneful Nine,
'From the *Olympian* Arch, look down, Great Sire,
'And from thy blazing Throne attend my Pray'r,
'Oh! grant thy humble Son's devout Deſire,
'His ardent Vows with kind Indulgence hear;
'So ſhall my grateful Lyre reſound thy Praiſe,
'In everlaſting Hymns, in never-dying Lays.

IV.

'With ſuch a Portion of thy heav'nly Fire,
'As that thou didſt in *Strephon*'s Soul infuſe,
'With ſuch a Ray my meaner Breaſt inſpire,
'And give me ſuch a ſweet yet awful Muſe!
'Then ſhould thy genuine Sons applaud my Strains,
'And bright PHILESIA glitter in each Line:
'Then in my Verſe, long as the World remains,
'Her Youth ſhould bloom, and all her Graces ſhine.
'She with the Nymphs of *Greenwich*, then ſhould vie,
'Whom *Strephon*'s Muſe prefer'd to Immortality.

V.

Delicious *Greenwich!* thou wilt well adorn
His Verſe, whoſe happy Fancy dwells on thee;
At thy fair Seat, was Great *Eliza* born,
Renown'd for Beauty as for Majeſty;
To thee with *Juno* chaſt, gay *Venus* came
That Night, and fill'd thy *Park* with waiting Loves;
Well-pleas'd, they wander'd on the Banks of *Thame*,
And prais'd thy pleaſant Shades and grateful Groves:
'Henceforth, be thou, (ſaid *Cytherea* bright)
'The happy Court of Love, our Garden of Delight.'

VI.

E'er Since has *Paphos* mourn'd her abſent Queen,
She viſits once-lov'd *Cyprus* now no more;
Here, in Ten Thouſand ſparkling Nymphs ſhe's ſeen,
And here, the bending Youths her Shrines adore.
Thy Genius, *Strephon*, gen'rouſly diſdain'd
A meaner Subject than this dazling Throng,
Whoſe very ſingle Charms had overſtrain'd
A Muſe, than thine leſs daring or leſs ſtrong. For-

Forgive, Great Bard, my Muſes feebler Vein,
Pity her drooping Flight, her leſs-exalted Strain.

VII.

So may thy *Galatea* ſtill be kind!
(Bright *Galatea* is thy ſofteſt Joy!)
So may no bitter Thought e'er gall thy Mind,
No curſt Miſchance your mutual Love deſtroy;
So may thy better Fate ne'er let thee know
Thoſe racking Diſappointments I muſt prove;
O may'ſt thou never feel the dreadful Woe,
The ſad tremendous Pain of *hopeleſs Love*:
May *Venus* ſhield you from her cold Neglect,
As my PHILESIA you with kind Regard protect

TO

PHILESIA,

An ODE.

Quod facit auratum est & cuspide fulget acuta. Ovid.

I.

TO thee, O Fair! I tune my warbling Lyre;
To chant thy Name, I ſtrike the ſpeaking Strings;
O hear the Strains, thou do'ſt thyſelf inſpire;
Nor check the tow'ring Muſe whilſt thee ſhe ſings.
My Boſom glows with ardent Heat,
Tranſported with a Theme ſo great.

II.

Hail, lovely Victor of our conquer'd Souls!
Who in proud Triumph lead'ſt our captive Hearts!
Whilſt Love reſiſtleſs thro' each Boſom rolls;
And he that looks receives a Thouſand Darts.
Bright Maid! thou more than Mortal born!
And lovelier than the gilded Morn.

III.

Gay as the Spring, PHILESIA doth appear:
Fair, as the Bloſſoms of the Tree of Life:
Sweet, as the rich *Sabæan* Odours are;
And gentle, as the firſt Obedient Wife.
Her Treſſes Sable Ringlets prove,
The ſhady Haunt of laughing Love.

IV.

Her Front ſerene, excels the *Parian* Stone,
Or the ſmooth Surface of the Northern Deep;
And from ſuch Eyes, ſuch Luſtre never ſhone,
Since *Sachariſſa* took her laſting Sleep.

Every

Every ſweeteſt, ſofteſt Grace
Adorns Divine PHILESIA's Face.

V.

But Muſe, what happy Numbers can rehearſe
The Charms conceal'd, which in her Boſom dwell?
Beauties ſo rich, mock all the Pow'rs of Verſe!
Things ſo ineffable, what Strains can tell?
There, Love, and Life, and blooming Joy,
Are treaſur'd for the bleſſed Boy.

VI.

Thrice happy Youth! for whom propitious Love
(Kind to thy Vows) reſerves a golden Dart;
Which ſhot, ſhall force PHILESIA to approve
Thy am'rous Flame, and yield her throbbing Heart.
Gods! where's the Youth who merits this?
He'll know as much as you of Bliſs.

TO

DAMON,

Telling me

Phileſia *was a very pretty Lady.*

——— *O Dea certè!* Virg.

IF one regardleſs Glance your Soul can thaw,
And force you to confeſs the Charms you ſaw;
Conſider *Damon*, what your Fate would be
Should you but dare to look and gaze like me.
Thine Icy Heart, and thy yet colder Breaſt,
Would with a Flame like mine be then poſſeſt;

Like

Like me, you'd ſigh, grow mad, look wan and pale,
In lonely Haunts your piteous Caſe bewail,
And to the *Thames* rehearſe your doleful Tale.

Oh Virgin heav'nly bright! on thee I gaze
'Till I am loſt in Rapture and Amaze!
With greater Joy, no Holy *Anchorite*
Studies his Sacred Text, than I delight
To read the Glories of thy Radiant Face,
And panting all thy latent Beauties trace.
Fixt, and intent, my wond'ring Eyes could ſtay,
And look a vaſt Eternity away.
Long tho' I gaze, freſh Beauties ſtill invite;
And ſtill more recent Charms regale my Sight.

So on ſome lofty Hill's exalted Top,
The Virtuoſo, thro' his Teleſcope,
At Night, well-pleas'd, ſurveys the vaulted Sky,
And ſees the rolling Worlds around him fly,
And ſtill the more he looks, the more they multiply.

COR-

CORYDON and THYRSIS.

A

PASTORAL.

Fortunatus & ille Deos qui novit agreſtes,
Panaq; Silvanumq; ſenem, Nymphaſq; ſorores. Virg.

THYRSIS.

WHY underneath this ſpreading Poplar's (Shade,
Young *Corydon*, art thou ſo penſive laid?
Why ſhould that Gloom thy Countenance o'erſpread,
And pallid Sadneſs chaſe thy wonted Red?
What galling Grief thus preys upon thy Breaſt,
And with what waſting Woe art thou oppreſs'd?
Say, drooping Swain, thy faithful *Thyrſis* tell,
Reveal what racking Cares thy Boſom ſwell.

COR-

CORYDON.

Ah! well a day! kind Shepherd, O forbear,
Nor urge the melancholly Tale to hear.
Go, gentle *Thyrſis*, grace the flow'ry Green;
Chearful, amongſt the jolly Swains be ſeen;
Leave me to ſigh alone, and languiſh here;
Oh! preſs me not to tell my racking Care.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian Swains, ſhall hate their tender Flocks,
Delicious Plains, ſhall ſmile on barren Rocks,
My browzing Kidds blue *Mallows* ſhall refuſe,
My Sheep ſhall loath the dulcet Morning-Dews,
Fierce *Lybian* Tygers tim'rous Fawns ſhall fear,
And bleating Ewes their milky Lambkins tear,
Nature's fix'd Courſe ſhall fail, if e'er I go,
'Till I have heard the Cauſe of all thy Woe:
Begin, ſweet *Corydon*, thy mournful Lay,
Nor ſhall I think it long all Night to ſtay.

CORYDON.

Alaſs!— E'erwhile, how brisk was I and gay,
When ruddy Health my Viſage did diſplay?
Then, to mine Oaten Reed I tun'd my Song,
And won Applauſe from ev'ry Shepherd's Tongue.
Then, all my Sheep (now ragged) throve amain,
Unhappy Flock, they mourn their Maſter's Pain!
Not driv'n a-Field, by Morn, whilſt here I lie,
Nor pent in Fold, by Night, they all will die:
Unhappy Flock, of a more luckleſs Swain!
Whilſt he to Streams, and Fountains doth complain,
Nor heeds his rural Task; Woe-worth the Days,
When firſt he did on fair PHILESIA gaze!
For him, his Flock; he, for PHILESIA dies;
O wide Deſtruction of her potent Eyes!
On yon fair Aſh I carv'd her charming Name,
And in yon Wood, all Night I ſang my Flame.
The live-long Night I ſang, and with my Song
Yon neighb'ring Rocks, and gloomy Copſes rung.
The Nightingale no longer would complain,
But liſten'd to my more lamenting Strain: The

The prowling Wolves, their horrid Barking ceaſe,
And let the waining Moon deſcend in Peace.
O Nymph! O Goddeſs! ſave a dying Swain!
Nor let me periſh by the cold Diſdain!
Tho' thou, my Love, art fair as *Scythian* Snow,
And both thy Cheeks with *Tyrian* Crimſon glow,
Pleaſant and ſweet, as the ſoft Weſtern Wind,
Or Jeſſamin with bluſhing Roſes join'd,
Yet ſcorn me not, nor aggravate my Pain;
Altho' I be a humble Shepherd Swain.
The Time would fail ſhould I eſſay to tell,
The Gods and Heroes, who have deign'd to dwell
In Times of Old, on bleſt *Arcadian* Plains,
And on their Reeds have tun'd immortal Strains.
I too can trill a no untuneful Lay,
If all be true which plaiſant Shepherds ſay;
(And why ſhould plaiſant Shepherds flatter me,
Who all ſo ſimple, plain, and guileleſs be?)
Unfold in Song great Nature's Laws I can,
And mighty *Jove*, or our *Arcadian Pan*,

Can

Can raiſe aloft, in no unworthy Verſe,
And their high Praiſe in ſwelling Notes rehearſe.
But oh! if thou a rural Life wilt brook,
And in thy Hand wilt graſp the paſt'ral Crook,
I have a Harp, on which I'll fix new Strings,
And play to thee Ten Thouſand ſofteſt Things.
With Myrtle Wreaths, I'll crown thy lucid Brows,
And raiſe thy Fame next *Jove*'s imperial Spouſe.
Thy ſhining Form I'll tell to ev'ry Grove;
And vocal Woods ſhall praiſe my beauteous Love;
Nor ſhall my conſtant Heart (for ever) from thee rove.

THYRSIS.

O wond'rous Youth! O tuneful Shepherd Swain!
Would I could praiſe thee in an equal Strain.
Not half ſo ſweet the artful *Mopſus* plays,
Tho' when he ſings, our Flocks forget to graze.
But now you've ceas'd the melting Lay to ſound,
Let us ariſe and quit the dampy Ground;
Lo *Phœbe*'s Silver Carr is wheel'd on high,
And thro' the Air, unwholſome Vapours fly:

With me, dear *Corydon*, 'till Morn retreat,
Tho' mean my Hutt, yet is it ſnug and ſweet.
I have a Beechen Bowl will chear your Heart
To ſee the Niceneſs of its Carver's Art;
'Twas fam'd *Menalcas'* Work, he gave it me,
And for thy charming Song I'll give it thee:
Nor empty that, but crown'd with dulcet Cream,
Delicious, as the Nymph you made your Theme.
Ne'er ſuch a Song, or ſuch a Swain was heard,
But oh! the fatal Cauſe is what I fear'd.
Go then, with ſuaſive Art purſue the Fair,
And glad Succeſs ſhall chaſe thy black Deſpair;
Let her but hear thy Notes, O *Corydon*,
And you'll revenge the Harms her Eyes have done;
Soft thrilling Love ſhall in her Boſom glow,
And her proud flinty Heart relenting grow.
For oh! what Nymph can ſlight an artful Youth,
Whoſe Soul's ſo full of Tenderneſs and Truth.

TO

TO CUPID.

AN ANACREONTIC.

Parce tuum Vatem ..... Cupido. Ovid.

ENough!--- Great Love, thy pointed Dart
Has thorowly transfix'd my Heart.
If the *Intenſeneſs* of our Love,
Proportion'd to the Wound doth prove,
You never made a ſurer Slave;
A deeper Wound you never gave.
Lo then, thy Pow'r I now confeſs,
And (which is more) thy Pow'r I bleſs;
Nor ask I, that you'd ſet me free
From this my ſweet Captivity,

Reſtore my Heart, or cure my Pain,
Or rid me from my happy Chain,
And ſo diſſolve PHILESIA's Reign.
No, I my Liberty reſign,
And only this Petition's mine;
(And this, importunate, I'll move)
"Give me the Nymph you've made me love.
" O give her to my Arms, kind Boy,
" Let none the heav'nly Fair enjoy,
" That love her leſs than I, who bow
" Before thy Sacred Altars now!
" O hear my Vows! reſpect my Pray'rs!
" With Favour view my flowing Tears!
" Don't cure my Love, but kill my Fears!

My ardent Wiſhes well ſhe merits,
Who all thy Mother's Charms inherits.
Not ſhe herſelf's more fair or gay,
When (cloath'd in Purple, rich Array,)
Graceful, ſhe mounts her Iv'ry Carr,
Reſplendent, glitt'ring from a far,

And from High Heav'n to *Cyprian* Domes,
Riding in pompous Triumph comes.
Not *ſhe*, with her attending Loves,
Thus drawn by milky Swans and Doves;
Not *ſhe*, more lovely or more fair
Than bright PHILESIA doth appear.
O then to me this Virgin give,
And from Deſpair thy Prieſt reprieve!
O fix an Arrow in her Breaſt,
To make her love, and make me bleſt!
And I no mean Returns intend
To pay to thee, my little Friend;
From thee, I will revolt no more,
Nor turn Blaſphemer as before;
Faithful, and to thy Int'reſt ty'd,
I'll ſpread thy Empire far and wide;
My Numbers ſhall ſupport thy Throne,
And force thy Foes thy Pow'r to own;
My Verſe ſhall, like thy Shafts, inſpire
Melting Thoughts, and warm Deſire,

Silent Tranſports, rapt'rous Love,
All that Youths and Virgins prove,
When within their ſcorched Marrow
Thou haſt fix'd thy flaming Arrow.

Upon

Upon seeing PHILESIA *at her Window, viewing a Wedding.*

A

Pindarick ODE.

Urit me Glyceræ nitor,
Splendentis pario marmore purius;
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici. Hor.

I.

NOW Blessings on you both, ye happy Pair,
Smooth be your Days, and blissful all your Nights,
Let sweet Content crown ev'ry circling Year,
And *Hymen* pour on you profuse Delights!
Be thou, O Bridegroom, long
Thus comely, sprightly, gay and strong,

And be thy Spouſe ſtill beautiful and young,
And both for ever burn with mutual deathleſs Love!
Ceaſe your Surprize to hear a Stranger bleſs
Your Nuptials; I can do no leſs;
Since it admits Debate,
Whether they now create,
To you or me more Happineſs,
For 'tis to them I owe the mighty Bliſs I prove.

II.

When *Hymen* trims his ſacred Lamp at Night,
And animates himſelf your am'rous Fires;
Thoſe Joys will not exceed this heavenly Sight,
Nor raiſe ſuch Fervour, nor ſuch high Deſires.
For ſure a Flame like mine,
So pure, ſo bright, and ſo divine,
Within no Humane Breaſt did ever ſhine:
Oh! my PHILESIA's Eyes dart ſtrong exalted Love!
This bliſsful View of her is more to me,
Than to you, Love's Enjoyments be:

I feel my raptur'd Heart
Pierc'd thro' with pleaſing Smart;
And gaze with more Felicity
Than the compleated Vows of other Lovers move!

III.

Soft Sovereign of my Soul!
For whom I melt, for whom I die!
O let one radiant Glance down hither roll,
And fix on me a while, that Love-infuſing Eye!
Let not the vulgar Crowd enjoy thy Sight,
Nor this bleſt Pair monopolize it all,
But like the Sun (for thou art full as bright)
Diſpenſe impartial thy kind beamy Light,
And let ſome Part on me, thy poor Adorer, fall!
Yes, dazling Nymph, or I ſhall curſe them more
Than e'er I bleſt 'em juſt before,
And all the ſoft kind Words I ſpoke
With direful Rage I ſhall revoke.
I cannot tamely ſee thoſe lovely Eyes,
Which I with ſuch a ſtrong Devotion prize,
Shed gentle Rays on all, but him who for them dies.

I.

Muſe, ſoar ſublime, and ſtrike thy ſounding Lyre;
Triumphal *Iö Paans* chant aloud:
Lo, my bright Goddeſs grants my proud Deſire,
She looks on me ſelected from the Crowd.
Hear me, Almighty Love,
And to me now propitious prove,
" O bleſs this happy Omen from above,
" And as our Eyes, ſo blend, from this bleſt Time our Souls!
Lo, with my Vow Almighty Love was pleas'd,
He bow'd, he clap'd his Wings, and ſneez'd,
(Of granted Pray'rs the Sign)
Henceforth PHILESIA's mine!
Deſpair and Doubts henceforth are ceas'd;
No longer She nor Fate, my ardent Wiſh controuls.

II.

Think, O my Soul, how thou wilt then ſuſtain
The pond'rous Joys of that diſtinguiſh'd Day,
When thy dear Charmer ſhall confeſs her Pain,
And Guardian *Hymen* chaſe her Fears away. With

With what intenſe Deſire,
Shall we the Nuptial Rites require!
How ſhall we pant to quench our mutual Fire,
And to the Marriage-God profuſely ſacrifice!
Then, O my Love, I'll graſp thee in theſe Arms,
And riſle all thy inmoſt Charms.
Kiſſes on thee, I'll pour
A vaſt and countleſs Store;
Till you diſſolve with Love's Alarms;
And thy bleſt Lover on thy fragrant Boſom dies.

III.

Can that ſweet Extaſy
Which ſhall our Souls in Tranſports hold;
Th' expiring Rage, and ſoft returning Sigh,
Or half thoſe Raptures be in any Numbers told?
O no! when I ſhall preſs her glowing Breaſt,
The Joy will be ineffable as Heav'n!
Too grand to be by mortal Sounds expreſt!
A boundleſs Bliſs! of which to be poſſeſs'd,

Ten

Ten Thouſand (trifling) Worlds would be but
poorly giv'n!
Now, now, will I compoſe the Nuptial-Song,
Harmonious, lofty, ſmooth, and ſtrong;
O aid me now, Immortal Muſe,
High Thoughts, and potent Sounds to chooſe,
That my proud Verſe may like *Jove*'s Eagle riſe,
And ſpurn the Clouds of Heav'n, and nether Skies,
And with PHILESIA's Charms the liſt'ning Gods
ſurprize.

III.

A LETTER, written from the Country to PHILESIA in Town.

My dear PHILESIA,

WHY haſt thou deceiv'd
The Youth, who burns with ſuch unequall'd Fires?
O why haſt thou with Diſapointment cruel,
Made all my Expectations vain and fruſtrate?
Hadſt thou but known with Longings how intenſe
I wiſh'd, and made my Vows for thy Arrival;
With what fix'd Eyes, I ſtill ſurvey'd the Road,
That ſhould conduct unto my fervid Soul
The tend'reſt Darling of my Love-ſick Heart,
Thou could'ſt not thus have giv'n me up a Prey
To ſad Regret and diſmal Melancholy.
Long did I wait, and thought the leaden Hours
Tedious, as Winter-Nights, or Death-Bed Days.

O why (ſaid I) art thou ſo ſlack PHILESIA?
Why doth the Chariot of thy Love delay
To bring with ſwift Carreer my Soul's Delight
To my extended Arms? Thus in Suſpence,
Perplex'd, I paſs'd the dull and painful Time,
Till *Phœbus* painted with a level Ray
The Silver *Thames*, and ſtreak'd the Plains with Gold!
When far more dreadful Blackneſs ſeiz'd my Breaſt,
Than thoſe dark Shades which did the Eaſt invade,
And ſad Deſpair my fainting Heart o'erwhelm'd.
Such Agonies young *Piramus* confeſs'd,
When his dear *Thisbe* he miſtook for ſlain,
And ſaw with Eyes deceiv'd the fatal Pledge.
Such were the Tortures *Ariadne* felt,
When treach'rous *Theſeus* left the tender Maid;
Juſt ſo ſhe languiſh'd, ſo deſpair'd, and rav'd.
Thrice did I curſe my Stars, and thrice the Town,
And thrice the Trifles that detain'd thee there.
Then to the Woods, with ſullen Grief poſſeſs'd,
I fled, and thro' the Brakes and Thickets ran,

'Till

'Till in the Middle of the Sylvan Shades,
Encompaſs'd round with Silence, Night, and Horror,
I ſtood, and gave my ſwelling Woes a Vent;
I ſigh'd, and (gently) did upbraid PHILESIA!
The Birds all liſten'd to my mournful Tale,
As when ſweet *Philomel* records her Woes,
And pours forth her Complaint in Mid-night Songs.
The Hills and Vallies did reſound thy Name,
And fill'd my Ears with grateful Harmony;
The Winds officious bore it up to Heav'n,
And (by my Soul) the pitying Heav'ns wept.
And can it be, can Nature ſympathize,
And my unkind PHILESIA be untouch'd?
O no, my Love, thou art all Tenderneſs,
As ſoft and kind as new-created Angels;
Come then, O come, and all my Cares diſperſe,
O come, if not for Love, yet for Compaſſion;
Come for a Day, and taſte our rural Joys,
And leave the Noiſe and Hurry of the City;
O give me to myſelf, and let us meet

In our Embraces, like a parted Stream,
So let us mix, and looſe our Separation.
Let not the gloomy Groves behold me more
In their Receſſes, like a widow'd Turtle,
Moaning the Abſence of my deareſt Mate;
But come, and let us ſweetly both retire,
To the dear Umbrage of the peaceful Bow'rs;
Let ev'ry Tree be conſcious of our Loves,
Whilſt we beneath their ſhady Branches ſit,
And with Converſe delectable beguile
The (then) too haſty, ſwift, and flying Hours.

If you'll but come, the Weather ſhall be clear,
And the fair Face of Heav'n, like thine ſerene,
Cloudleſs like thine, refulgent, bright, and gay;
For at thy Preſence Heav'n and Earth will ſmile.
The ſtormy Winds ſhall all be huſh'd and ſtill,
And none but *Zephyrs* fan the balmy Air
With wanton Wings, and on them waft away
The ſoft and tender Accents of thy Tongue,

To raiſe the Admiration of the *Satyrs*,
And of the *Naids* as they tend their Streams:
Whilſt I, replete with Joy, will pluck for thee
Sweet Cammomile, and golden Butter-Flow'rs,
The Mother-time, and pleaſant Honey-ſuckle,
Fair *Venus'* Myrtle, and her Damask Roſe,
With whatſoe'er th' enammell'd Meads ſhall yield,
To frame a Garland for my lov'd PHILESIA,
And crown her, *Sov'reign Beauty of the Plains.*
Then, if thou lov'ſt to haunt the Woody Hills,
Or range the green and beauteous Vales beneath,
Whether thou lov'ſt the Shades, the Bowr's, or Fields,
Or elſe beſide the murm'ring Streams to walk,
I'll lead thee with Delight ineffable.

I am,

(My raviſhing PHILESIA,)

Your moſt, &c.

To PHILESIA, *the Day before her coming to Town.*

SONG.

I.

AS the fond Turtle mourns his abſent Mate,
And ſadly ſeeks his little Love,
Amid the ſilent Sprays regrets his Fate,
And flutters, lonely, thro' the Grove.

II.

So droops my Soul, thus baniſh'd from my Fair,
For the ſweet Infl'ence of thy Eye!
Joyleſs, oppreſs'd with melancholy Care,
I ſigh, I languiſh, pine, and die.

III.

In vain, alas! to ſooth my am'rous Pain,
I ſoftly ſtrike the ſpeaking Strings; To

III.

To lull my Woes, attempt ſome pleaſing Strain,
And chant a Thouſand tender Things.

IV.

In vain, alas!——— For while thy Abſence laſts,
The ſpeaking Strings, ungrateful, ſound:
No pleaſing Strain my ſicken'd Fancy taſts;
And tender Things inflame my Wound.

V.

But, tho' black Night o'erſhades the mournful Skies,
And in dark Sable cloathes the Sphere;
Yet, radiant Morn beholds the Sun ariſe,
And with triumphant Beams appear.

VI.

So thou, to Morrow, wilt return, my Love,
Again to bleſs my raviſh'd Sight:
Then all my gloomy Sorrows ſhall remove,
And yield to Joy, and gay Delight.

VII.

O *Phœbus!* then, with double Luſtre ſhine;
To welcome her to my Embrace:
Whilſt I, with Tranſport, claſp the Nymph Divine,
And dwell upon her heav'nly Face.

THE SEASONS.

A POEM.

Perq; Hyemes, Eſtuſq; & inequales Autumnos,
Et breve Ver, ſpatiis exegit quatuor Annum. Ovid.

THE

SEASONS.

A

POEM.

TO

PHILESIA.

O Thou, my only Wiſh! my dear Delight!
Joy of my Soul! and Charmer of my Sight!
Faireſt PHILESIA! *bend thy gentle Ear;*
At once thy Poet and thy Lover hear.
Forgive my fond Ambition, and my Pride,
To chuſe my Patron, where I would my Bride.
To whom but thee ſhould I devote my Strains,
Whoſe kind Regard can only pay my Pains?
For thee I haunt the Muſes ſacred Hill,
Attend their Songs and emulate their Skill.
Studious to pleaſe, each gen'rous Art I try;
And fain would ſhine the brighteſt in thy Eye.
If thou with Smiles approv'ſt my lowly Lay,
I care not what the cenſ'ring Criticks ſay.

Crown me but with my lov'd PHILESIA's *Praiſe;*
'Tis all I ask.——— Let others wear the Bays.

O faireſt, lovelieſt, of the charming Kind!
How do thy Beauties captivate my Mind!
My melting Heart diſſolves with ſofteſt Love:
And all its Joys, and all its Pains I prove.
In bliſsful Viſions, now, entrans'd I lie;
And now, I ſicken with Deſire, and die:
But oh! what Art, what Charm, what Pow'r Divine,
Can fix my Fate, and make thee ever mine?

Thou art the Pattern of my copying Verſe,
By which I paint the Graces I rehearſe.
In Thee, *the Charms of each fair* Seaſon *meet;*
With ev'ry Glory crown'd, enrich'd with ev'ry Sweet,
The Bloom of Spring, *and* Flora's *florid Grace,*
Divinely fluſh thy more than Human Face.
How does that beauteous Boſom ſtrike my Soul?
Like Summer *ripe; like plenteous* Autumn *full.*

Bright,

Bright, is the poliſh'd Purple Dye, and ſleek,
Which ſtains thy luſcious Lip, and glows upon thy Cheek.
Leſs fair, that Crimſon is, the Cherry ſhows;
Leſs fair the kindling Bluſh, which decks the op'ning Roſe.
Oh! hold my Muſe!—— Preſent not to my View,
The ſhining Paths my Fancy might purſue.
What do I ſee?—— Oh! ſacred Nymph, remove
Thoſe Fields of Beauty, and thoſe Scenes of Love.
What mighty Bard? What more than mortal Brain,
Viſions ſo ſtrong, ſo glorious, can ſuſtain?
What daring Reader on my Lines will gaze,
If in my Verſe, all WOMAN'S *Beauties blaze,*
With killing Beams, and with deſtructive Rays?

Ye heav'nly Pow'rs, the Authors of Man's Frame,
Why did ye mock him with a Ruler's *Name?*
Call him your own Vicegerent here below;
Yet but the Pageantry of Pow'r beſtow?
'Tis Woman *arm'd with Beauty, only reigns;*
And binds Mankind *with Triumph in her Chains.*

Captiv'd

Captiv'd, enslav'd, the World's proud Lords, Obey:
Such, and so great, is Woman's *Sov'reign Sway.*
Such the soft Witchcraft of her radiant Eyes;
And in her wond'rous Face, such mighty Magick lies.

SPRING.

SPRING.

Vere tument terræ, & genitalia ſemina poſcunt.
Parturit almus ager, Zephyriq; tepentibus auris
Laxant arva Sinus.
Inq; novos ſoles audent ſe gramina tuto. Virg.

IN the firſt Age, e'er Victor *Jove*
To *Tartarus* good *Saturn* drove;
The golden Times no Changes knew,
No *Winter* came, while *Summer* flew:
But *Spring* eternal, hover'd round
The ſmiling Sky, and flow'ry Ground.
The *Phœnix-Seaſon*, ſhe alone,
Held ev'ry Land and ev'ry Zone.
All the gay Months with her were ſeen;
They all confeſs'd her for their Queen;
And bore her Train acroſs the Green.

Till

Till *Jupiter* uſurp'd the Skies;
Who for Mankind did Plagues deviſe.
He, bade the Oak no Honey yield;
No Corn enrich th' unwounded Field:
Bade bluſt'ring *Boreas* firſt to blow;
And milky Streams with Water flow;
Made the young Months ſtrange Liv'ries wear;
And alter'd the revolving Year.

He ſhorten'd th' Empire of the *Spring*,
(Celeſtial Tyrant! barb'rous King!)
Aſſigning her too narrow Bound
Within a Fourth of th' Annual Round.
Yet nor his Malice, nor his Pow'r,
Her heav'nly Beauties could deflow'r;
Still does the Nymph her Charms retain,
Tho' ſmall her State, and ſhort her Reign.
Still all the Goddeſs is confeſs'd,
When ſhe in gaudy Glory dreſs'd,
Leads from on high the youthful Year;
And chears us with her Preſence here.

March

March goes before, to ſmooth her Way,
Contract the Night, and lengthen Day.
The Warrior-Helmet hides his Face
With Martial Majeſty and Grace.
Comely, tho' fierce, the Youth is ſeen,
With ſtately Port and manly Mien.

And now ſweet *Flora* doth appear,
The Nymph for ever young and fair.
Lightly around her ſlender Waſte
A party-colour'd Mantle's caſt;
Enrich'd with ev'ry Flow'r that grows;
Which Mountain, Plain, or Valley knows.
A gay Creation there we ſee
Smile on her Veſt in Effigy.
The Landſcape there for ever blooms:
The curious Work of heav'nly Looms.
The Colours there eternal ſhine:
Th' immortal Toil of Hands Divine.

A Canniſter of faireſt Flow'rs,
The Purple Pride of *Cyprian* Bow'rs,
Her Right-Hand bears; and in her Breaſt,
Her ſweeteſt Favourites are preſt.
With flow'ry Garlands is ſhe crown'd;
In flow'ry Wreaths her Locks are bound;
And flow'ry Zones her Robe ſurround.
With her, ſoft *Zephyrus* behold
With ſmooth round Cheeks and Curls of Gold:
He bids the bland and tepid Breeze
Call burſting Buds from teeming Trees.
She bids the various Flow'rs ariſe,
While ſpicy Gales perfume the Skies.
They paint the Plants, and gild the Ground,
Till nothing unadorn'd is found
The vegetable World around.

The bloomy *April* next appears;
His Head a Wreath of Bloſſoms wears;
And Noſegays in his Hands he bears

Of

Of Primroſes, and Vi'lets blue,
And Hyacinth's of Purple Hue.

Lo, now the *Spring* her ſelf is ſeen;
She comes! the lovely graceful Queen!
Wrap'd in a Robe of brighteſt Green.
Phœbus, the gallant Goddeſs leads
O'er the ſmooth Lawns and yellow Meads.
See, ſee, the God her Eyes adore;
For *Daphne* now he ſighs no more.
To her he tunes his golden Strings;
To her he plays, to her he ſings.
On her Right-Hand the beauteous *May*,
With Look ſerenely mild and gay,
And dreſs'd in all his roſy Pride,
Well-pleas'd, walks ſmiling by her Side.
A Thouſand flocking Loves reſort
To wait on her from *Venus*' Court;
While ſome her ſtately Train ſupport;

Some

Some drive the Breeze, with gilded Wings,
To play among the flowing Rings,
In which her wavy Treſſes break
A-down her poliſh'd Iv'ry Neck.

How Nature in her beſt Attire,
Does the fair Queen's Approach admire!
Where e'er ſhe treads, the Flow'rs ariſe;
And Beams ſo bright break from her Eyes,
That were her Uſher *Phœbus* gone,
She might create the Day alone.
Pleaſure and Health her Preſence yields,
And ſcatters thro' the laughing Fields.
Thy Sight, O Nymph! my Soul inſpires
With Love, and Joy, and ſoft Deſires.
Thou mak'ſt my Blood freſh Vigour gain,
And dance thro' ev'ry beating Vein.
Hail Goddeſs! Queen of *Seaſons*, Hail!
Thee, ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Vale,
Shall ecchoing praiſe, whilſt thus I ſing,
Hail Queen of *Seaſons!* lovely *Spring*. SUM-

SUMMER.

——O quis me gelidis in Vallibus Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat Umbra! Virg.

WHAT Nymph is that with Yellow Hair,
Not bright, yet moderately fair,
Of Beauty ripe, and charming Air?
Whoſe ſwelling Boſom, bare to Sight,
Seems the cool-fanning Gales t' invite?
'Tis ſhe, whom *Rhea*'s mighty Son,
When He his Empire firſt begun,
The ſecond Regent did declare
Of the divided rolling Year,
Summer by Mortals, but above
She's call'd the *Nut-brown Maid of* Jove.

He bade hot *June* confeſs her Reign;
And *Julius* following on the Plain,
With glowing *Auguſt* bears her Train.
In one Hand golden Ears of Corn,
Poppies, and Lavender are born;
And in her other Arm is held
A Plate with bluſhing Plenty fill'd.

The Months o'er whom ſhe does preſide
Have crown'd her with their choiceſt Pride.
Carnations rich, ſweet Eglantine,
And Amaranths, and Jeſſamine,
The ſpicy Pink, the ſcentful Roſe,
With Thouſands more of Flow'rs compoſe
Her Wreath, where they their Glories ſpread
And ſmile around her radiant Head.

Now *Phœbus*, glitt'ring God of Day,
Scatters on Earth a ſcorching Ray.
Fermenting Fruits his Beams refine,
Which on the bending Branches ſhine.

Here

Here, Trees with Crimſon Cherries glow,
There, rip'ning Apples load the Bough,
And Pears their painted Bluſhes ſhow.
Now does the parching Dog-Star riſe,
T' infect the ſultry Southern Skies:
To Streams the panting Herds retreat,
And try to ſhun the melting Heat.
Nymphs haunt the Banks of cooling Floods,
And Swains retire to gloomy Woods.

Bear me, O Muſe! to *Pindus'* Shades!
To ſacred Groves! *Pierian* Glades!
To Grotto's crown'd with *Sylvan* Pride,
Under th' *Aonian* Mountain's Side!
There let me meditate my Song,
Where murm'ring Rivers glide along;
Where leavy Bow'rs exclude the Day,
And balmy Breezes ſportive play;
Where warb'ling Fountains lull the Mind
To Peace, ſuggeſting Thoughts refin'd.

Thus free'd from Buſineſs, Noiſe, and Care,
I'll tune my Harp, and ſtrait prepare
To ſing what thou ſhalt then inſpire,
Whilſt my Breaſt burns with heav'nly Fire.
Then will I teach the Vocal Strings
Such *Mighty Numbers, mighty Things,*
That Oaks and Cedars ſhall incline
Their Heads, as when the Bard Divine,
Whoſe *Thracian* Lyre's Almighty Call
Did build the wond'rous *Theban* Wall,
Inform'd his ſweet *Hermetic* Shell,
And mov'd the rigid Pow'rs of Hell.
I'd make th' hov'ring Ghoſts rejoice
And liſt'ning Gods applaud my Voice.

AUTUMN.

——*Tempeſtates Autumni dicam*
——*Jam breviorq; dies & mollior Æſtas.* Virg.

NO more the Glories of the *Spring*;
No more of *Summer's* Pride I ſing;
But now deſcribe in alter'd Lays
Declining Suns, and ſhorter Days.
Uncertain *Autumn's* various Face,
In Lines of ſpeaking Paint I trace:
Her Show'rs and Storms my Strains rehearſe;
And Tempeſts rattle in my Verſe.

Soon as the radiant *Balance* weighs
In equal Scales the Nights and Days,

Down from the Courts of Royal *Jove*,
And Preſence of the Gods above,
The delegated *Seaſon* glides:
And proudly Eminent, ſhe rides
Sublime, in *Bacchus'* gilded Carr,
Which ſhines conſpicuous from afar.
Bacchus, the bounteous Goddeſs loves;
And ſhe the jovial God approves.
O'er all her Vintages he reigns:
And hence his Chariot ſhe obtains.
Her Lover's Ivy crowns her Brow,
And cluſt'ring Grapes around her grow.
Her better Arm with comely Grace,
A Cornucopia does embrace,
Whoſe Stores the Iv'ry Brims o'erflow,
And fill her wealthy Lap below
With burniſh'd Fruits, of ev'ry Kind,
By Sun-Beams kiſs'd, or Weſtern Wind;
Which on immortal Branches blow,
And in *Elyſian* Gardens grow.

Plenty

Plenty is ſeated by her Side,
The wanton Nurſe of pamper'd Pride;
Her ſparkling Eyes, with Gladneſs glow;
Her Purple Lips with Smiles o'erflow,
Her dancing Heart, no Grief can know.
But who's that Meagre Monſter there,
With haggard Looks, and ſhaggy Hair
Twiſted with Snakes, who rules the Reins,
And furious, drives acroſs the Plains
The harneſs'd Tygers, whilſt they roar
Beneath his Laſh, which drinks their Gore?
'Tis fierce *Diſeaſe*, Man's cruel Foe,
The Parent of afflictive Woe.
By him the waſted World is thin'd,
And Pains, and Plagues torment Mankind.
Faſt as now Leaves forſake the Trees,
Nipt, by the chill Autumnal Breeze;
So faſt, he ſweeps poor Souls away,
Forc'd to forſake th' infected Clay.

Three Youths behind her are retain'd;
The firſt, with Blood of Grapes diſtain'd:
The next with Apple-bearing Boughs
Covers his Head, and wreaths his Brows:
The laſt, doth on his Shoulders bear,
(The Symbols of the naked Year)
A bundled Heap of Arms of Trees,
Diſhonour'd by the Northern Breeze.

Now the bright Monarch of the Day
To Realms remote betakes his Way:
With leſſen'd Glories does he blaze,
And on us ſhines with fainter Rays;
Whilſt to the Southern Tropic prone,
He ſheds his Beams on Lands unknown.
Driving aſlope his fiery Car,
He dimly views us from afar,
And ſwiftly towards the Weſtern Sea,
Precipitates his headlong Way.

Now filthy Foggs from Earth ariſe;
And gath'ring Gloom pollutes the Skies.
Thick Vapours darken all the Air;
In black, the frowning Heav'ns appear,
That, ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd, Day and Night
Promiſcuous roll, unmark'd with Light.
Th' enliv'ning Sun, by clouded Skies,
Thus raviſh'd from her longing Eyes,
See, ſickning *Veſta* drooping lies.
" Oh! ſwift, my Love! (ſhe cries) return!
" Nor let me long thy Abſence mourn!
" Haſte to the *Goat*; and thence revert
" With ſpeed, to chear my fainting Heart!

Now bellowing *Boreas* from the North,
From *Lapland* Mountains iſſuing forth,
Does with his bluſt'ring Brethren ſtray;
Who urge uncheck'd their lawleſs Way.
With dreadful Noiſe, their Force they try;
And roar aloft, and ſweep the Sky.

The

The Tempeſt on his rapid Wings,
Collected Stores of Waters brings.
The claſhing Clouds, do now prepare
To join the Elemental War.
In ruſhing Rains their Rage they ſpend,
While ſpouting Cataracts deſcend.
Such Floods the Firmament ſupplies
As Earth's Inhabitants ſurprize;
Shudd'ring they quit the delug'd Plain,
And to the Mountains flee, in vain;
Down their ſteep Sides the Billows ſtrong,
With ſounding Fury roll along;
That neither Man, nor Beaſt, can dare
To ſtem the frightful Torrent there.
The weeping Ruſtic ſhakes his Head
To ſee the wat'ry Ruin ſpread;
" Ceaſe ye diſſolving Clouds above,
" (He cries) and hear thou, angry *Jove!*
" What has ſad Earth, our Parent, done
" To draw this whelming Vengeance down?

" Has

" Has ſhe ſome other *Titan* bred?
" O launch thy Thunder at his Head!
" But do not, Father! do not ſtrike
" Thy Terrors thus on all alike!
" O hear! and to our Aid ariſe!
" Rebuke the Storms! and clear the Skies!
" Reſtore the Day! and bring the Light!
" And chaſe the Empire of the Night!
" Uſurping *Chaos*, here we ſee;
" And *Pluto* bears the Sway from *thee*.
" Is this the Seat? This the Abode,
" Of favour'd Man, the Demi-god?
" *Tartarian* Darkneſs hides his Sun:
" And Jars and Diſcords are begun.
" Where now, are all the beauteous Scenes,
" The painted Beds, and Groves of Greens,
" The checkquer'd Meads, the roſy Bow'rs,
" The limpid Brooks, and Banks of Flow'rs?
" Vaniſh'd! —— No Beauties now are ſeen,
" Nor painted Beds, nor Groves of Green,

" Nor

" Nor checquer'd Meads, nor roſy Bow'rs,
" Nor limpid Brooks, nor Banks of Flowr's!
" But all is waſte, deform'd, and wild,
" And Nature's Face with Horrors fill'd.

WIN-

WINTER.

Invitat genialis Hyems, curiſq; reſolvit:
Cum Nix alta jacet, glaciem cum Flumina trudunt.
Virg.

ONCE more extend thy weary Wing,
O Muſe, and lateſt *Winter* ſing.
O grant thy Poet's laſt Deſire:
Cold is his Theme; new Heat inſpire!
A double Portion of Cœleſtial Fire!

She comes! ſhe comes! from Eaſtern Skies,
On *Eurus'* bleakeſt Blaſts ſhe flies.
(O hardy Goddeſs! Nymph ſevere!
Haſte on to cloſe the finiſh'd Year!)
Thick Air condens'd, her Chariot forms:
By bridled Winds, and harneſs'd Storms,

The

The flying Vehicle is driv'n
Around the Circuit of wide Heav'n.
High in the midſt, the rugged Queen
Upon a Throne of Ice is ſeen.
Her Limbs in furry Robes array'd,
Of ev'ry beauteous Salvage made.
The ſpotted Lynx' and Leopard's there,
And Panther's comely Coats appear.
The Skins of Tawny Tygers, deck
Her horrid Head, and armed Neck.
A Holly Sceptre fills her Hand:
And Three rough Youths before her ſtand:
The Midmoſt, taller than the reſt,
In whiteſt Purity is dreſt:
Firſt of the *Months*, his noted Name,
His Robes and double Front proclaim.
'Tis theirs, to feed th' eternal Fire,
Which on yon Altar does aſpire:
Where to their Queen the Flames ariſe,
And Holy Fumes involve the Skies.

Now

Now from the Tropic *Goat*, his Way
Betakes the welcome Prince of Day.
Bleſt be th' approaching Chariot Wheels
Which Parent *Earth* with Gladneſs fills!
Patient the *Winter's* Rage ſhe bears,
And Loſs of all the Pride ſhe wears,
Yet feels ſome Comfort in her Grief
Whilſt they draw near to her Relief.
Lo, various Meteors now aſſail
Her batter'd Head; now, Rains prevail;
Now, pelting Storms of patt'ring Hail.
To theſe ſucceed ſharp cutting Sleets,
That fiercely blown, in driving Sheets,
Swiftly maintain their cruel Race,
And deeply wound the Trav'ler's Face.
The freezing Winds conſtrain her Pores:
And Clouds diſcharge their ſnowy Stores.
The feather'd Meteor, flut'ring flies,
And ſoftly ſails from thicken'd Skies.

Her

Her Limbs the Silver Robe does preſs;
A glitt'ring Garb, and ſplendid Dreſs.
Eurus and *Boreas* jointly blow,
And ſee, the Fountains ceaſe to flow.
They turn the Floods to Ice, and make
A ſolid Maſs of ev'ry Lake.

So, a clear Winter-Night I've ſeen,
The Sky, with glowing Fires, ſerene,
And the broad Moon with Beams full bright,
Silver'd the *Thames* with trembling Light;
When, a keen Eaſtern Breeze aroſe,
And all the rapid River froze.
Ev'n where a-croſs the Subject Tide,
The Rocky Arches tow'ring ſtride,
Where proud *Auguſta*'s Bridge is rear'd,
And ſounding Cataracts are hear'd,
Sudden, th' arreſted Waters creep,
The roaring Billows ſeem to ſleep.

The mounted Waves are fixt on high,
And Icy Rocks invade the Sky.
The ruddy Morn's returning Ray
A ſhining Proſpect does diſplay,
And chryſtal Mounds reflect the Day.

Let us not now on Mountains rove
My Muſe, nor ſeek the loneſome Grove.
Bleak *Winter* there ſeverely reigns
O'er froſted Fields, and powder'd Plains.
The Winds, with Nitre edg'd, there fly,
And ſharply cut th' inclement Sky.
Few Verſe-inviting Objects now
Provoke the Bard his Skill to ſhow.
But if he ſings, no Themes ariſe
But naked Woods, and freezing Skies,
One vaſt unvary'd Scene of White,
Earth's Glitt'ring Face array'd with Light,
Tho' waſte, yet gay, tho' barren, bright.

Now is the Time for th' ruſtick Race
With Hounds the tim'rous Hare to chaſe:
All have their Sports: But O my Muſe,
What are the Pleaſures we ſhall chuſe?
Of witty Friends, a choſen Few,
United in their Hearts and true;
And then, the Converſe to refine,
A Portion wiſe of gen'rous Wine.
Here crown the Glaſs, and fill the Bowl,
Due Mirth t' infuſe in ev'ry Soul.
Tis he, the mighty God *of Wine*,
Who ſwells our Breaſts with Rage Divine,
Warms us with *Bacchanalian* Fires,
And Stores of rapt'rous Rhymes inſpires.

But now, PHILESIA come, for without thee,
The very Bliſs of Life is Miſery.
The Chorus yet is lame with only *Wit*,
Till Beauty joins to make our Joys compleat.

Then,

Then, O my Miſtreſs! come, without Delay;
For what is Life, if Love be far away?
Rouſe all thy Charms, awaken ev'ry Grace,
And call forth all the Wonders of thy Face.
I long to dwell upon thy dazling Eyes,
And loſe my Senſes in the ſweet Surprize.
The rigid *Seaſon* we ſhall quite forget,
Thus warm'd with ſecret Fires and genial Heat.

SONG.

YOUNG *Strephon*, a Shepherd, that long (had been ſmit
With the Charms of fair *Silvia*'s Beauty and Wit,

As he ſilently wander'd, to ſooth his ſoft Pain,

Met ancient *Palemon*, a Neighbouring Swain.

Thou art penſive, my Friend, (ſaid the chearful old Hind)

That languiſhing Aſpect, betrays thy fond Mind;

Such ſighing in ſecret, and haunting the Grove,

Are ſure Indications, of being——in Love.

Alas! (cry'd the Youth) my Diſeaſe thou haſt found:

Oh! where is the Balm, that can cure the deep Wound?

TO

TO

SYLVIA,

AN

EPISTLE.

SAY, dearest Object of my softest Wishes!
Delight and Darling of my Love-sick Heart!
Say, wilt thou hear my Pray'r with gracious Ears;
And kindly grant thy Lover's fond Desire?
If so, To-morrow shall behold me blest;
While in thy joyous Presence I will spend
Its jocund Hours, delightful, and serene.
Prepare, O lovely *Sylvia*! heav'nly Charmer!
Prepare, to meet me, in the Glow of Love;
Ravish'd, and quite transported with thy Beauty;

Diſſolv'd, and melted, with thy wond'rous Goodneſs;
And dying at thy Feet to ſpeak my Paſſion.

Refreſhing Kiſſes then ſhall ſate my Soul,
Snatch'd by repeated Millions upon Millions.
Oh! let me preſs thoſe ſoft delicious Lips!
There let me dwell, regale, and revel there,
'Till I am drunk with the ſweet Purple Moiſture!
But when, oppreſs'd with ſuch *exceſſive* Bliſs,
Trembling, and murm'ring, I ſhall faint away,
And ſink in thy Embraces; then my *Sylvia!*
My Life! oh! ſtrain me to thy panting Breaſt!
Support thy Lover's dooping Head, kind Virgin,
Until the happy Youth revives again!
And when recover'd from my pleaſant Trance,
When in my Arms I graſp my tender Sov'reign,
Feel how my Heart will beat againſt thy Boſom;
As tho' it long'd to enter that fair Manſion,
And quit its ancient Seat, its native Dwelling.

Em-

Employ'd in ſoft Careſſes and Endearments,
How ſhort, my Love, the fleeting Time will ſeem!
The live-long Day will vaniſh like an Hour:
And tho' the Night ſhall likewiſe roll away
Before I'm baniſh'd from my better Angel,
Yet ſhall I curſe the Morning's *haſty* Dawn,
And ſwift Approach of its malicious Light.
But fear not, *Sylvia*, that the prying Eyes
Of the ill-natur'd World ſhould trace our Joys.
No, for (I promiſe thee) thou ſhalt diſmiſs me,
Silent, and ſecret, e'er *Suſpicion* wakes;
Before the buſy Tongues of *Goſſips* ſtir;
While yet the Morning-Star with glitt'ring Beams
" Flames in the Forehead of the Eaſtern Sky.

I am,

My perpetual Charmer,

Your moſt &c.

To Lelia *ſending me the following Verſes, taken out of the* Tatler, *viz.*

Only tell her that I love,
Leave the reſt to her and Fate;
Some kind Planets from above,
May, perhaps, her Paſſion move;
Lovers on their Stars muſt wait.

ALL the Thanks and all the Praiſe,
Which a grateful Heart can raiſe,
Deareſt, lovelieſt Nymph, to you,
For theſe ſacred Lines are due.
Here, I ſee, with ſweet Delight,
Rules to manage Love aright.
Theſe, I read with pond'ring Care,
As the Hermit does his Pray'r.
Diligent, I'll practiſe too
The tender Rules preſcrib'd by you. Yes.

Yes.——— " I'll tell thee that I love ;
" Then, implore the Pow'rs above
" Meltings in thy Soul to move ;
" Patient, on my Stars I'll wait ;
" And truſt my Cauſe to thee and Fate.

TO

TO

LELIA,

A

SONG.

I.

WHEN modeſt *Lelia's* down-caſt Eyes,
Give Token that ſhe loves,
Within my Soul what Raptures riſe!
What Joys my Boſom proves!

II.

My heaving Heart, o'ercome with Bliſs,
Beats quick within my Breaſt;
Whilſt in each warm and eager Kiſs
My Paſſion is confeſs'd.

III.

III.

I melt, I pant, with fierce Delight,
And Languiſhments unknown!
Such Ardours nothing could excite
But *Lelia*'s Love alone!

IV.

O ſweeteſt Virgin! ever ſhine,
With kind indulgent Rays,
Upon a Heart ſo ſoft as mine,
That all thy Truth repays.

V.

My tender Soul was form'd for Love,
And owns thy Sov'reign Sway;
Oh! let thy Smiles the Vows approve,
Which at thy Feet I pay.

THE
TROUBLED FAIR.

SUpport me Heav'n!—— Is that the Nymph (Divine,
Who with celeſtial Splendors wont to ſhine,
Fair, as the gaudy Rainbow's ruddy Ray,
Lovely, as Light, and like the Morning, gay?
Oh ſtill ador'd! how art thou now eſtrang'd!
How is thy Form eclips'd! thy Glory chang'd!
The gentle Boſom heaves with inward Woe!
And down thoſe marbled Cheeks the ſilent Sorrows (flow!
Where is the chearful Air? The ſmiling Grace?
The Lambent Luſtre of her joyous Face?
The glowing Lips, with Native Crimſon, bright?
And Azure Eyes, that ſparkled living Light?
Shorn of their Beams, thoſe Saphire Globes ſurvey!
Fixt! dim! and dark! and deſtitute of Day!

Her

Her Beauties now their ſhining Bloſſoms ſhed!
And gloomy Care rolls mantling round her Head!
Her Velvet Lips have loſt the Damask Dye!
And on her faded Cheek the Roſes with'ring lie!
Her bended Front, on her white Hand reclin'd,
Speaks loud the ſad Dejection of her Mind.
So, the fair Lilly, over-charg'd with Rain,
Hangs down its heavy Head, and ſickens on the Plain.

A

NUPTIAL SONG.

A

NUPTIAL SONG.

Salutatio Sponſæ.

O Muſe, ariſe; I've ſtrung the ſprightly Lyre,
And now invoke thy animating Fire.
Propitious, grant each Verſe may gently flow,
As ſweet and ſoft as breathing Breezes blow.
Smooth ev'ry Line: And let the Numbers glide
With graceful Eaſe, and with becoming Pride;
Like the free Motions of the beauteous Bride.

To thee, O Fair! my Song is firſt addreſs'd;
(Be thus the Pow'r of Beauty firſt confeſs'd)
To thee, th' attracted Muſe exalts her Lays;
And as ſhe ſings, does on thy Splendors gaze.
So breaks *Aurora* on our raviſh'd Sight,
T' unbar the Gates of Day, and drive the Night,
And gild the glowing Sky with liquid Light.

What longing Thoughts th' impatient Bridegoom move
To fold thee in his Arms, and taſte thy Love!
See, where he languiſhes with ſecret Fires;
His panting Boſom heaves with ſoft Deſires!
Eager, and ardent, lo, he faints, he dies,
Smit with th' augmented Glories of your Eyes.
Thoſe bluſhing Beauties each Spectator warm,
Illuſtrate ev'ry Grace, and brighten ev'ry Charm.
Long may'ſt thou ſhine, ſweet Nymph, thus heav'nly Gay:
Long live to bleſs this dear auſpicious Day:
Long be thy Husband's Pride, thy Friends Delight,
Regale his Soul with Joy, and recreate our Sight.

Salutatio Sponſo.

WITH Art and Care, immortal Guide, go on
To pay thy Duties to *Apollo*'s Son.

Hail wedded Poet! and accept my Muſe;
Nor ſlight her Off'ring, nor her Gift refuſe.
At thy Command her Marriage-Song ſhe brings;
And choſen Strains to grace thy Spouſals ſings:
For thee, my ſweet Companion, and my Friend,
She'd waſte her Stores of Wit, her Fancy's Treaſures ſpend.
What ſhall ſhe firſt extol? Thy ſoft Addreſs,
Which the compleated Lover does confeſs?
Or that vivacious Thought, that ſparkling Fire,
That did with ſuch a ſwift Succeſs inſpire
Such glowing Images, as could impart
So fierce a Flame to ſuch a temp'rate Heart?
Raiſing this Paſſion all thy Force has ſhown;
A Paſſion ſtrong and laſting as thy own.
For this, thy *Phœbus* made his Quiver thine,
As deck'd with *Cupid*'s Arms, the Nymph does ſhine.
The Gods of *Wit* and *Love* both bear the Bow;
And with unerring Skill their certain Arrows throw.

Her Charms have melted thee, and in return,
Her Breaſt muſt with thy dear Idea burn.

See thoſe Ambroſial Treſſes that adorn
The Head, by which the curling Crown is worn.
With Tranſport view the Glories of her Face,
That Magazine of Love, and Seat of ev'ry Grace.
Behold her Boſom, that fair Heav'n of Bliſs,
How pure! how turn'd for ſoft Delight it is.
Obſerve th' erected Beauties of her Gait,
That winning Mien mix'd with Majeſtick State;
That Elegance of Shape! that Harmony!
And with what Art Divine, the well-ſet Parts agree!
When in this Point of Light you ſee her ſhine,
To rap thy Soul, reflect, that ſhe is thine.
And long, O long, my ſhe be thine, bleſt Youth!
Long may ſhe prove thy Conſtancy and Truth,
Long may thy Wit and Learning charm her Mind,
And joyn thy Spouſe's Love to that of all Mankind.

Epithalamium Utrique.

ALL Hail, thrice happy Pair! let *Io*'s ſound,
'Till the loud Notes from diſtant Hills rebound.
Loaded with Benedictions be this Day;
And ſmoothly let it ſlide on eaſy Wings away.
His ſacred Lawrel let the Bridegoom wear:
And let the Bride with Myrtle bind her Hair.
To gentle Muſick let the Nymphs advance,
And beat with equal Steps the meaſur'd Dance.
Let ev'ry Youth who ſhares celeſtial Fire,
Invoke his Muſe, and jocund, tune his Lyre.
Let now our graceful Locks ſhed Odours round;
Be ev'ry Head with Wreaths of Roſes crown'd;
And ſtrow with fragrant Herbs the honour'd Ground.
Sacred to Mirth, be all theſe ſmiling Hours;
Deſpoil the Spring, and ſcatter here the Flow'rs:

Her Charms have melted thee, and in return,
Her Breaſt muſt with thy dear Idea burn.

See thoſe Ambroſial Treſſes that adorn
The Head, by which the curling Crown is worn.
With Tranſport view the Glories of her Face,
That Magazine of Love, and Seat of ev'ry Grace.
Behold her Boſom, that fair Heav'n of Bliſs,
How pure! how turn'd for ſoft Delight it is.
Obſerve th' erected Beauties of her Gait,
That winning Mien mix'd with Majeſtick State;
That Elegance of Shape! that Harmony!
And with what Art Divine, the well-ſet Parts agree!
When in this Point of Light you ſee her ſhine,
To rap thy Soul, reflect, that ſhe is thine.
And long, O long, my ſhe be thine, bleſt Youth!
Long may ſhe prove thy Conſtancy and Truth,
Long may thy Wit and Learning charm her Mind,
And joyn thy Spouſe's Love to that of all Mankind.

Epi-

Epithalamium Utrique.

ALL Hail, thrice happy Pair! let *Io*'s ſound,
'Till the loud Notes from diſtant Hills rebound.

Loaded with Benedictions be this Day;
And ſmoothly let it ſlide on eaſy Wings away.
His ſacred Lawrel let the Bridegoom wear:
And let the Bride with Myrtle bind her Hair.
To gentle Muſick let the Nymphs advance,
And beat with equal Steps the meaſur'd Dance.
Let ev'ry Youth who ſhares celeſtial Fire,
Invoke his Muſe, and jocund, tune his Lyre.
Let now our graceful Locks ſhed Odours round;
Be ev'ry Head with Wreaths of Roſes crown'd;
And ſtrow with fragrant Herbs the honour'd Ground.
Sacred to Mirth, be all theſe ſmiling Hours;
Deſpoil the Spring, and ſcatter here the Flow'rs:

Here, where to Heav'n we'll breathe harmonious Vows,
And bleſs the Bridegroom and his lovely Spouſe.

Be ever happy, O ye charming Pair!
Taſte ev'ry Sweet of Life, and know no thorny Care!
Let laughing Plenty crown your wealthy Board!
And endleſs Joys the Genial Bed afford!
When thou, *Diana*, Regent of the Night,
Nine times haſt fill'd thy changeful Orb with Light,
Then, Goddeſs, from thy ſtarry Rule deſcend,
The Mother's Throes propitiouſly befriend,
Relieve her Pangs and glad Deliv'rance ſend!
May *Venus* yield Supplies of ſofteſt Fire;
And fated Wiſhes *Hymen* re-inſpire!
Thus be ye Parents of a gen'rous Line,
In whom transfus'd may your own Graces ſhine!
Bright as the Nymph may the fair Females riſe!
And in the Males the Sire ſalute our Eyes!

Blend,

Blend, O ye Gods, (to make the Work compleat)
The Mother's Sweetneſs, with the Father's Wit!
May theſe ſoft Comforts bleſs your drooping Age;
And eaſy may ye quit, the World's tumultuous Stage.

Verſes on a Friend's Marriage.

WHEN firſt th' Omnipotent had rear'd the Sky,
And hung up all the glitt'ring Globes on high,
Had deck'd the new-born Earth with gaudy Flowers,
And finiſh'd ſmiling *Eden*'s pleaſant Bowers;
Man, next he made, Lord of the curious Frame,
T' admire the Work, and praiſe the *Maker*'s Name.

To view Heav'n's *Vice-Roy* in the Green Retreat,
The World his own, and *Paradiſe* his Seat,
Who would not think his Happineſs compleat?
But ah! unbleſt, he ſolitary roves
Thro' ſpicy Gardens, and delicious Groves:
Nor can he taſte his pleaſurable State,
Nor reliſh Bliſs it ſelf without a Mate.
Soon the *Creator*'s Bounty did provide
For his new Favourite a blooming Bride;

He

He brought her, ſhining with celeſtial Charms,
To chear his gloomy Soul, and bleſs his longing Arms.

Crown'd with ſuch Joys ſincere, ſuch ſoft Delights,
You paſs your jocund Days, and bliſsful Nights.
Thy Spouſe (like his) is deck'd with ev'ry Grace,
And ſofteſt Beauty triumphs in her Face.
Form'd for each other; Heav'n with ſignal Care,
Conducted to thy Arms the deſtin'd Fair.
Your Kindred Minds, long ſince, were pair'd above,
And now with Siſter-Flames diſplay their priſtine Love.
O happy! if your Happineſs ye know,
If in your faithful Breaſts, thoſe Fires for ever glow.

AN EPITHALAMIUM,

Addreſs'd to

MIRTILLA,

ON HER

MARRIAGE,

AND

Conſequent Departure from *England.*

Te propter libuit tantos explere labores,
Et tantum tranaſſe maris. ——— Claud.

AN

EPITHALAMIUM,

Addressd to

MIRTILLA,

ON HER

MARRIAGE,

AND

Consequent Departure from England.

Te propter libuit tantos explere labores,
Et tantum transisse maris. ——— Claud.

AN EPITHALAMIUM,

Addreſs'd to

MIRTILLA, &c.

DIvineſt *Clio*, ſtrike the trembling Strings;
Not ſo, as when you ſing of fighting Kings,
Or armed Squadrons marching from a-far,
Or paint the rugged Pomp and Thunder of the War;
But ſofteſt Sounds, and ſweeteſt Meaſures move,
Such as enchant and melt the Soul to Love.
If thou, O Goddeſs, aid'ſt me while I ſing,
I to *Mirtilla*, will this Preſent bring.
The Song her Spouſals and her Praiſe purſues;
A grateful Task! *Mirtilla* loves the Muſe.
Nor fear, chaſte Bride, to liſten to my Lyre;
Theſe Notes no brutal Sentiments inſpire.

The

The Matron, and the modeſt Virgin too,
Each tender Line, without a Bluſh, may view.
My nicer Lays, with Elegance of Art,
Shall gently warm, but not infect the Heart.
My decent Muſe a virtuous Pride maintains;
And Purity of Manners decks her Strains.

Now, *Hymen*, in thy Saffron Robe appear,
And bring thy Torch, and ſhed thy Bleſſings here;
See where *Mirtilla* with her *Thirſis* ſtands;
Join'd are their Hearts, and link'd their faithful Hands:
This Day, auſpicious to their mutual Vows,
Rewards the Bridegroom with his lovely Spouſe.
His ev'ry Kiſs, and ev'ry kind Embrace,
Lights up the conſcious Colour in her Face.
On each fair Cheek the varying Bluſhes play,
And rival all the Glories of the Day.
How well did Nature for this Nymph prepare
A Sable Crown of jetty-colour'd Hair:

As if to let us ſee, with ſtrange Delight,
The Blaze of Noon, in Neighbourhood of Night.
Fain would the Muſe exalt *Mirtilla*'s Praiſe
In worthy Verſe, and in immortal Lays;
But oh! a Hundred Tongues it would require;
And Lungs of Braſs, my Boſom ſhould inſpire,
A Song like this to teach the living Lyre.
For could I paint her Eyes, her Air, her Grace,
And all the various Wonders of her Face,
What Sounds are ſo emphatick and refin'd,
To reach the greater Beauties of her Mind?
Meek as the Lamb, and gentle as the Dove,
Good, as the gracious Gods who rule above,
And all her Soul is Innocence and Love.
There Royal Reaſon, with a ſceptred Hand,
Do's o'er th' inferior Faculties command.
This peaceful Heav'n the Virtues make their Seat;
And hither, from the madding World retreat.
Well might the Youths for thee, *Mirtilla*, pine;
And well adore what ſeems ſo much Divine.

How

How often have I heard them, with Delight,
Fatigue their Tongues to do thy Beauty right?
In vain they languish now, in vain they burn;
Mirtilla goes, and never will return.
The happy *Thyrsis* bears the Prize away;
Thyrsis the Young, the Gallant, and the Gay.
O envy'd Youth! on whom the charming Maid,
The strictest Ties to constant Love has laid.
Content, with thee o'er swelling Seas to roam
To distant Climes, far from her Native Home;
Pleas'd, she forsakes fair *Albith*'s pleasant Land,
And tempts the dangrous Deep, and seeks a Foreign Strand.

Blow soft ye Winds, ye Billows gentle rise,
And smile ye Planets from the brighten'd Skies;
Let blest *Mirtilla* be your righteous Care,
And with your kindest Influence keep the Fair;
Amid the Pathless Waters be her Guide;
Securely let the honour'd Vessel ride,
And ev'ry Wave triumphantly divide;

Con-

Conduct her ſafely thro' the liquid Plain,
And give her at the laſt, the wiſh'd-for Port to gain.

O Sacred Love! Divine Imperial Pow'r!
Whoſe awful Altars Gods and Men adore!
What dare not Mortals when by Thee inſpir'd?
When thou their Breaſts, when thou their Blood haſt fir'd?
The feeble Fair, tho' delicate of Frame,
Outſtrip the Heroes in the Liſts of Fame!
Love, with Almighty Energy, imparts
Strength to their Arms, and Courage to their Hearts.
Sometimes thou triumph'ſt in a diff'rent Way,
And mak'ſt the Rougheſt Minds thy Laws obey;
So abſolute, ſo boundleſs is thy Sway:
Ev'n ſtubborn Souls, whom nothing elſe can move,
Nor Storms of Fate, nor Bolts of angry *Jove*,
Are melted down, and humaniz'd by Love.
Let bright *Mirtilla* witneſs what I ſay,
That nought can ſtop, when Love ſhall urge the Way:

He ruſhes on, nor will his Courſe reſtrain,
And Rocks and Mountains interpoſe in vain,
The Deſarts of the Land, and Terrors of the Main.

But now, methinks, I ſee the Bark that bore
The happy Pair, approach the *Indian* Shore.
Mirtilla now on *Albion* left behind,
Reflects, with ſoft Anxiety of Mind.
She calls her *Thyrſis* with her beck'ning Hand,
And pointing, ſhews th' Appearance of the Land;
Then twines her ſnowy Arms around his Neck,
While from her Lips theſe tender Accents break.

" Thy Faith, O gen'rous Youth, now let me prove;
" Remember all the Merit of my Love;
" Parents, and Friends, and Country, All for thee
" I left, and thou art more than All to me:
" If e'er you lik'd, oh! now protect theſe Charms;
" And take me, *Thyrſis*, to thy Guardian Arms;

" Re-

" Receive thy Wife; a Stranger, oh! defend;
" My Husband thou! my Father! and my Friend!

Her moving Words breathe in the gen'rous Youth,
The firmeſt Loyalty and kindeſt Truth:
Within his Soul the ſilent Raptures riſe;
And Tears of Fondneſs overflow his Eyes:
His Heart diſſolves; he claſps her to his Breaſt;
And calms her troubled Thoughts, and lulls her Mind to reſt.

Look down, propitious God of Love! look down,
And with thy choiceſt Gifts theſe Lovers crown.
Let Gratitude the Bridegroom's Heart dilate;
And tend'reſt Paſſions warm his beauteous Mate.
Oh! may their Ardours no Abatement know;
But Fires Eternal in their Boſoms glow.
And from the fruitful Fair and Genial Bed,
Grant that a hopeful Progeny proceed!

Let Mirth and Plenty gladden ev'ry Year;
And rich Contentment ſoften ev'ry Care.
Be thine, *Mirtilla*, All the dear Delights
That ſweeteſt Love in mingled Minds excites;
" And Peace thy Days, and Pleaſure crown thy Nights.

PROLOGUE

TO

Sir *Courtly Nice.*

WHEN first Imperial *Rome* the Sceptre (sway'd,
Whose awful Rule the prostrate World obey'd;
Learning's rich Spoils from conquer'd *Greece* she bore,
Transplanted Sciences from ev'ry [illegible]e,
And grew as Great in Arts as Arms before.
Athens no more her matchless Fame could boast;
In mightier *Rome*'s superior Splendor lost.
Her Buskin'd Bards, then, fir'd with sacred Rage,
Did first exalt the Glory of her Stage;
Did there, good Manners teach, and there, *reform* the Age.

Britannia thus, in *Rome*'s bright Footſteps treads;
Th' obſequious Nations, as ſhe wills, ſhe leads;
And now *Bellona*'s Rage is calm'd by her,
The *Brittiſh* Bards enrich her Theatre.
In War, or Peace, her Gallant Sons delight
T' approve themſelves or Valiant or Polite.
Her *Marlbro'* ſhews how *Roman* Gen'rals fought;
Her *Addiſon* how *Roman* Poets wrote.

But here, kind Auditors, no Tragick Strain
With pompous Sound your Ears ſhall entertain.
To move your Mirth, your tickled Hearts rejoyce,
Inſtructive *Comedy* up-lifts her Voice:
To cure the Spleen, and chaſe each anxious Thought,
(A ſure Relief) *Sir Courtly Nice* we've brought.
Of all the Subjects of our Ridicule,
None like the Formal Fop, th' affected Fool.

With

With Candour, then, we beg you'd hear to Day;
Pardon the Players, and accept the Play.
We know we're ſafe from ev'ry *captious* Wit;
From Side-Box *Beaux*, and *Criticks* in the Pit;
Or elſe, not One had dar'd to act his Part;
New to the Stage, unpractis'd in the Art.
But ſo much Sweetneſs in your Looks appears;
And ev'ry Face ſo much *Good Nature* wears;
Each Eye ſo bright, each Brow is ſo ſerene;
Our Fears are fled,—— we boldly now begin.

STANZAS

TO THE

Lord TREASURER,

Upon the

PEACE.

O fœlix, ſervata vocat quem Roma parentem!
O mundi communis amor! Claudian.

I.

SAY, Queen of Harmony, cœleſtial *Muſe*,
Who doſt my Soul to tuneful Toils excite,
What elevated Subject wilt thou chuſe,
T' employ thy warmeſt Rage, and exerciſe thy Flight?

II.

II.

If Vertue eminent can urge thy Fire,
On *Oxford's Earl* intently fix thy Eyes;
To *him* addreſs thy Song, and tune thy Lyre,
And lift thy Voice Divine to the reſounding Skies.

III.

Thee *Britain's Saviour!* thee, the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And ardent, breathe immortalizing Lays:
To thee her proud aſpiring Strains ſhall bring;
And raviſh'd with her Theme, exalt the Patriot's (Praiſe.

IV.

ANNA, the gentle *Sov'reign* of our *Souls*,
Safe in *thy Councils*, bids *War's* Tumults ceaſe:
Its direful Rage, her ſoft Command controuls,
Huſhes the Din of Arms, and lulls the World to (Peace.

V.

Britain, by thee, uprears her lovely Head,
And dimply Smiles her roſy Cheeks adorn;

O'er

STANZAS

TO THE

Lord TREASURER,

Upon the

PEACE.

O fælix, ſervata vocat quem Roma parentem!
O mundi communis amor! Claudian.

I.

SAY, Queen of Harmony, cœleſtial *Muſe*,
Who doſt my Soul to tuneful Toils excite,
What elevated Subject wilt thou chuſe,
T' employ thy warmeſt Rage, and exerciſe thy Flight?

II.

II.

If Vertue eminent can urge thy Fire,
On *Oxford's Earl* intently fix thy Eyes;
To *him* addreſs thy Song, and tune thy Lyre,
And lift thy Voice Divine to the reſounding Skies.

III.

Thee *Britain's Saviour!* thee, the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And ardent, breathe immortalizing Lays:
To thee her proud aſpiring Strains ſhall bring;
And raviſh'd with her Theme, exalt the Patriot's Praiſe.

IV.

ANNA, the gentle *Sov'reign* of our *Souls*,
Safe in *thy Councils*, bids *War's* Tumults ceaſe:
Its direful Rage, her ſoft Command controuls,
Huſhes the Din of Arms, and lulls the World to Peace.

V.

Britain, by thee, uprears her lovely Head,
And dimply Smiles her roſy Cheeks adorn;

O'er

O'er *endleſs* Seas her *boundleſs* Pow'r is ſpread,
And all her Crowns are with *unwonted* Honours (worn.

VI.

Ah! how unlike beheld we her e'er while,
When guileful *Guiſcard*, ſavage Son of *Rome*,
Thy Boſom pierc'd, *Great Guardian of our Iſle!*
How did ſhe fear thy Fate, and propheſy her (Doom!

VII.

Then wept our *Parent*, then fair *Albion* mourn'd;
She wept, ſhe mourn'd, nor would ſhe Comfort know;
Dark gloomy Miſts *her chalky Cliffs adorn'd*;
She groan'd; ſhe curs'd the Hand that urg'd the (guilty Blow.

VIII.

Thus ſhe, diſtreſs'd, her doleful State bewail'd,
And thick to Heav'n her heaving Sighs were ſent:
Her *Sighs*, and ANNA's potent Pray'rs, prevail'd
T' avert 'th' impending Wreck, and *thy* ſad *Fall* (prevent.

IX.

IX.

Her HARLEY lives! and *Albion* ſmiles again!
Her ſhouting Sons diffuſe their Joy around!
Great HARLEY lives, is eccho'd from the *Main*,
'Till *Gallia's Genius* hears, and trembles at the Sound.

X.

Let *others* lead embattel'd Troops to War,
And boaſt of Garments roll'd in Human Gore;
Of marſhall'd Armies, terrible from far,
And dreadful Deeds of Death, where hoſtile Cannons roar.

XI.

'Tis *thine*, *O Great in Councils!* to retrieve
The priſtine Glory of thy *Sov'reign's* Name;
The Ballance of the *Continent* to give
To *her deciſive Hands*, and right her *injur'd* Fame.

XII.

To move the god-like ANNA's milder Mind
To heal *Britannia's* long-exhauſted Veins;

Whilſt

Whilſt fetter'd Fury is to Hell confin'd,
And bound with knotted Braſs in everlaſting (Chains.

XIII.

Theſe are thy *Arts*, O *Mortimer!* by theſe
Haſt thou *eſtabliſh'd* thy eternal Fame;
And for the *ravag'd* World reſtor'd to Peace,
Shall *Nations* yet *unborn* extol thy *deathleſs Name.*

ELE-

ELEGY.

September 18. 1709.

SEE, wretched Youth, where thy fond Mother (lies,
Panting, and chill! behold her dying Eyes;
Reſtleſs they roll, and ſearch the chearful Light
In vain, the Shades of Death have veil'd their Sight;
And thoſe bright Orbs muſt ſet in endleſs Night.
Triumphant Death drives ſwiftly thro' her Veins;
And binds the Purple Streams in frigid Chains.
See, while I ſpeak, with what Regret, the Heart
(Of Life tenacious) yields from Life to part.
Her Lungs no more refreſhing Air reſpire,
And the ſweet Soul did at that Gaſp expire.
Oh! by a Thouſand Ties endear'd to me!
My Parent! oh! that I had dy'd for thee!

Dy'd,

Dy'd, when I firſt was nouriſh'd at thy Breaſt;
And thence had ſoftly ſunk to endleſs Reſt!
How fatal, and how dreadful is the Day,
That tender Parents raviſhes away!
No more, muſt I, thee lifeleſs now, and cold,
Among the Living, here, with Joy, behold.
No more, thy Sight my grateful Heart ſhall move
With pious Sentiments of Filial Love.
'Tis my ſad Office now, with Funeral Verſe,
And mournful Numbers to adorn thy Herſe.
Look down, thou dear departed Ghoſt, and ſmile
Upon this Product of my grateful Toil.
This Pyramid, more ſtrong than Braſs, I raiſe,
And conſecrate to thy eternal Praiſe.
This Verſe ſhall live, and ſpread thy fragrant Fame;
And ſnatch from Death and Time thy precious (Name.

Wiſdom, in thee, with *Meekneſs*, was combin'd;
Both grac'd with mingled Rays thy gentle Mind.

Ge-

Gen'rous, and tender to the laſt Degree,
You bore (like Heav'n) a boundleſs Charity.
Faithful, Devout, Religious, and Sincere,
You ſcorn'd that Trifles ſhould detain thee here;
But greatly to cœleſtial Joys aſpir'd,
And with a noble Warmth, thy Native Skies deſir'd.
Raphael oft wonder'd at the ſacred Force,
With which thy Soul urg'd its etherial Courſe.
Thou wert thy Husband's Joy! thy Childrens Life
The tend'reſt Mother! and the deareſt Wife!

Vaſt is their Woe who ſuch a Loſs lament!
And ſuch wert thou, that from my Soul art rent!
Eternal Sorrows rage within my Breaſt,
And bar the ſweet Approach of downy Reſt.
Inceſſant Sighs conſume the tedious Day;
And ſilent Night attends my plaintive Lay.
Adieu, ye ſprightly Airs, and wanton Strains,
With which ſo often I have charm'd the Plains,
Have pleas'd the Nymphs, and chear'd the drooping Swains.

Tell

Tell me no more of Laurel Chaplets now:
But let ſad Cypreſs Wreaths for ever ſhade my Brow.

The Counter Turn.

NO more—— put off, my Soul, thy Sable (Weeds,
For lo! a Train of brighter Thoughts (ſucceeds.

O Muſe omniſcient! ſay, (for you was by,
And ſaw the new-born Mind aſcend the Sky,)
Relate her Voy'ge, and her Arrival tell,
And ſpeak the Place where bleſſed Spirits dwell.

Soon as the Soul had broke its airy Way,
With Strife laborious, from the cumb'rous Clay,
Inſtant appear'd before her wond'ring Sight
An Angel Form, array'd in flamy Light,
Uriel call'd, beyond Deſcription gay,
Who with ſweet Accent thus began to ſay.

" All hail, immortal Saint! releash from Fear,
" Let everlasting Joys thy Spirit shear.
" The Messenger of God, from him I come,
" To guide thee safely to thy happy Home.
" Lo, to the Gates of Heav'n the ready Way,
" Is on this darted Beam of solid Day.

He said, she prais'd her God! and as was meet,
With grateful Air she bow'd towards his Feet.
The Brilliant Path the friendly Minds ascend;
Pursue, my Muse, and on their Steps attend.
Swiftly o'er Tracts of streaming Light they go,
Where lambent Billows roll, and Tides of Glory flow.
Lo now, before the blazing Gates they stand,
Uriel strikes them with his Di'mond Wand,
" Open ye everlasting Gates, (says he)
The everlasting Gates wide open flee;
Self-mov'd, with Energy innate, they turn
On golden Hinge, and as they move they burn.

Ceaſe here, raſh Muſe, to urge thy daring Way!
Ah! whither does thy lawleſs Chariot ſtray?
In vain I ſtrive to check thy boundleſs Flight
Thro' Worlds unknown, thro' Deluges of Light.
Celeſtial Scenes, celeſtial Strength inſpire,
And my Breaſt burns with more than mortal Fire.
Go to, my Muſe, begin thy vent'rous Song:
See where *Uriel* leads his Charge along.
Till in the midſt of Raptures of Delight,
" Hail Realms (he cries) of uncreated Light!
" Hail ye immortal Gardens! heav'nly Fields!
" And all ye Joys which this bright Region yields.
" O how unlike yon gloomy World below!
" Here, pure and unmix'd Pleaſures ever flow!
" Th' Ambroſial Streams deſcend in golden Rills,
" And gently glide a-down th' eternal Hills.
" The warb'ling Cadence of celeſtial Springs,
" Here emulate the Lyre's harmonious Strings.
" The gleamy Plain irradiated appears!
" The ſplendid Flow'rs ſhine forth like glitt'ring Stars!
" Groves,

" Groves, crown'd with everlasting Bloom, I see;
" Immortal Fruits depend on ev'ry Tree.

Now to Heav'n's Inner-Courts they're come, and lo,
Thro' cleaving Ranks of the bright Hoast they go.
I see the Saints, in order as they stand;
Crowns on their Heads, and Harps are in their Hands.
The noblest Love each gen'rous Breast inspires,
And Songs of Triumph rise from all their Lyres.
But lo, *Uriel*, now, before the Throne
Presents his Charge; now sinks the son'rous Tone;
The Songs of Triumph cease; Silence profound,
And sacred Awe supplant the rapt'rous Sound.
Presented; strait they wake each Vocal Chord;
In boundless Flights, they sing the *Saviour Lord!*
And whilst they sing, with Rapture and Surprize;
The strongest Seraphs veil their glorious Eyes:
Less-mighty Angels spread their Wings apace,
And shade with gaudy Screens their beauteous Face.

Such Emanations from the Godhead flow,
When their exalted Strains his Love and Mercy shew.

Corruscant Flames, doubling Heav'ns Native Light,
Flash on the vent'rous Minds, unsufferably bright!
O mighty Vision! Joys too unconfin'd!
Too vast, too strong, for a created Mind!

Infinite Truth! O when shall I, releas'd
From this gross Medium, with thy Sight be bless'd?
When sate my panting Soul with thy pure Food?
When view the Glories of my *Saviour God?*
When shall I drink Salvation from the Spring?
And joyn the Anthems which you Angels sing?
Happy, ye sep'rate Souls! ye revel here,
Escap'd from Death, and ev'ry mortal Care.
Here dwells the dear-lov'd Subject of my Song,
And stops th' ungrateful Murmurs of my Tongue.
No more I'll grieve, no more will I repine,
No more blaspheme the Providence Divine.

LONDON-BRIDGE.

I View, aſtoniſh'd, this ſtupendious Pile,
The vaſt Effect of an amazing Toil!
Arches, and pillar'd Domes, triumphant, riſe,
Defraud the Stream, and gain upon the Skies!
Wrong'd *Thames* enrag'd at his contracted Way,
With rapid Fury ruſhes to the Sea;
Turns up the Yellow Sand, and roars aloud,
Whilſt whirling Eddies drink the foaming Flood.
Here, hardy *Britons* dwell in middle Air,
Suſpended o'er the Waves, devoid of Fear.
In vain the bellowing Billows beat the Rocks;
Their idle Rage the firm Foundation mocks:
And dauntleſs Souls, ſecurely from on high,
Smile at th' indignant Stream, and all his Threats defy.

LONDON-BRIDGE.

FAVONIA.

A CONSOLATORY ODE, TO *EURYALUS.*

Postremum rediisse pudet.

PROEMIUM.

FOrgive, my Friend, the Muſe who laſt appears,
Officious to diſperſe thy gloomy Cares;
T' adminiſter her Store of kind Relief;
And charm the Relicts of thy pious Grief.
She long e'er this her ready Zeal had ſhown,
If her Defects too well ſhe had not known:
Depreſs'd, and weak, and deſtitute of Art,
What ſhould a perſecuted Muſe impart,
(Her ſelf ſo low) to chear a mourning Heart?
What ſhould a Wretch condemn'd to Noiſe and Strife,
To ev'ry vile and ſlaviſh Ill of Life,
Fondly attempt? 'Twere vain for me to raiſe
My hoarſer Voice, and bring my rougher Lays
To thee, whoſe nicer Ear the tuneful Strain
Of *Sophon*'s artful Lines does juſtly entertain.

So-

Sophon! who makes Philoſophy ſubmit
To flow in Poetry and eaſy Wit:
Who maſſy Senſe, and ſmootheſt Verſe combines:
And ſolid Truths, with ſweeteſt Numbers joins.
Nor can harmonious *Strephon* pleaſe thee leſs;
Who copy'd matchleſs *Horace* with Succeſs;
And clad the *Roman*'s Thoughts, in a rich *Engliſh* Dreſs.

Theſe are the Poets to whoſe Magick Songs.
The Pow'r to heal thy wounded Soul belongs;
The Pow'r to calm the Tumults of thy Breaſt,
And lull th' afflictive Storms to peaceful Reſt.
'Twere Pride, and Vanity, for me to ſing,
To raiſe one Note, or ſtrike one warb'ling String;
When theſe bright Bards inform the Vocal Lyre,
And warm our raptur'd Thoughts with heav'nly Fire.

Thus I reſolv'd. —— But lo, at your Command
I take my Harp into my trembling Hand,
(Tho' weak, depreſs'd, and deſtitute of Art,)
To prove the ready Zeal which fills my Heart.

Ar-

Ardent, to ſhew my juſt Regard, and Love,
Thro' all Impediments of Fate I move;
Upwards my Muſe, thro' Cares, and Buſineſs, (ſprings;
Shakes off the Damps with which they clogg her (Wings;
And as ſhe mounts aloft *Favonia* ſings.

I R.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

DEſcend, celeſtial Muſe,
Nor now thy needful Aid refuſe;
With hallow'd Ardour warm my favour'd Breaſt;
My right-prepar'd and longing Soul inſpire;
Let me with ſacred Fury be poſſeſs'd;
And fill my Boſom with tranſporting Fire!
A Task immenſe thy young Diſciple tries,
O Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,
With daring Pinions tempts Heav'ns ſteepy Height,
And mocks the Danger of its arduous Ways;
Reſolv'd to ſoar where bleſt *Favonia* ſtrays,
Thro' radiant Worlds of Beatifick Light.
Divine Aſſiſtant! prompt each flowing Line!
Thro' ev'ry poliſh'd Verſe, let thy bright Genius (ſhine!

II.

II.

O thou, to whom my Lyre is ſtrung,
(As once the ruddy *Hebrew* Boy's,
Who to the raving Monarch ſung,
And gentle Thoughts infus'd, and pleaſing Joys:)
Euryalus, whoſe Cares no Meaſure know;
But give Eternity to Woe,
Attend;—and you ſhall dry your weeping Eyes;
You ſhall dilate your long-contracted Brow;
You ſhall forget your melancholly Sighs;
And in your Cheeks ſhall kindling Gladneſs glow.
For lo, the Muſe deſcends into my Breaſt,
From her ſublime Etherial Seat;
I feel the Tranſports of the mighty Gueſt!
I feel the fierce Enthuſiaſtick Heat!
I feel her Raptures, and her Fires!
I feel that ſhe my Song inſpires!
Begin, begin, O Goddeſs! Heav'n's Delight!
Obſequiouſly, my ready Hand

Shall trace the Strings which you command;
Guided by thee, I'll take an unknown Flight:
Thro' Paths untrod, thro' an unbeaten Way.
On bold ambitious Wings I'll ſtray.
Inform'd by thee, I'll build a Deathleſs Verſe;
And Strains divinely ſweet rehearſe.

III.

Not from the fam'd Philoſophy of *Greece*,
At Regal *Rome*, or Native *Athens* taught,
Derives my Muſe her Songs of Joy and Peace;
With nobler Rules and better Precepts fraught:
Nor from the Bards of bright *Auguſtan* Days,
Borrows conſolatory Lays:
Tho tun'd with Art almoſt Divine,
Their lofty Lines inimitable ſhine;
Yet unacquainted with thoſe Truths ſublime,
Which ſacred Leaves alone can teach;
With baffled Wing they here eſſay'd to climb
A Height, beyond their unaſſiſted Reach.

No Pagan Lyre
Could any ſolid Hope inſpire,
To mitigate the Mourner's Pain!
They ſung it "fruitleſs to complain;
"That if he wept, he fondly wept in vain;
And told him, "his lov'd Friend was now no more:
"That Death's a Sleep from which we never (wake;
"And when a Journey to the Grave we take,
"Eternal Fate forbids Return;
"In vain we grieve, in vain we mourn,
"In vain their everlaſting Flight deplore.

IV.

But from this gloomy Thought, what Comfort (ſprings?
How ſhould the heavy Heart be chear'd with this;
Who ſees with piercing Grief her raviſh'd Bliſs
For ever fled on unreturning Wings?
For *ever* fled!—— in vain the Mind does ſtrive
From *hence* kind Succours to derive!

Alas!

Alas!—— no glimm'ring Hopes of Eaſe appear!
No diſtant Dawn exhilerates the Soul!
But o'er the boundleſs Scene black Horrors roll;
And all the *Comfort* ends in dire *Deſpair!*

V.

To thee, *Euryalus*, *Urania* ſings
Of better and of brighter Things!
She bids me tune the Lyre;
And on the ſounding Strings ſhe bids me play
Notes, that ſhall raviſh all thy Griefs away;
Notes, that no Bard can reach but whom ſhe ſhall inſpire.

To me a Voice, to me a Song is giv'n,
That healing Balm to thy ſad Heart ſhall yield;
Grateful, as kind refreſhing Show'rs from Heav'n
To the parch'd Furrows of the thirſty Field.
For lo, the Muſe has ſeen thy Cares;
Obſerv'd thy Sorrows, and thy Tears.
She mark'd, how on your ſolitary Bed,
You lean'd your melancholly Head;

Your

Your Parent loſt, how you indulg'd your Woes;
And all the filial Softneſs in your Boſom roſe:
With Pity heard you all alone,
In theſe pathetic Words, pour forth your melting (Moan.

VI.

" Witneſs, ye Heav'ns, if ſmiling Morn
" (Now *Favonia*'s from me torn)
" Or painted Ev'ning's ſweet Approach delight
" My Soul, or recreate my Sight:
" But let or Night, or Morn, return,
" Joyleſs, *Favonia*'s Loſs I mourn!

" Ye Gardens, may I never ſee ye more,
" Nor ye frequented Arbors, where
" With pleaſing Cadence heretofore,
" The Muſick of her Voice, ſo oft has bleſs'd my (Ear!
" That Voice—— oh! muſt I ne'er again
" Within thoſe Bow'rs, thoſe Accents hear,

" Which

" Which cur'd my Heart of ev'ry Pain,
" And freed my Breaſt from ev'ry Care?
" Farewel then, O Shades, and Bow'rs,
" Woods, and Walks, and Fields, and Flow'rs;
" Since *Favonia* now is dead,
" Flouriſh, bloom, and ſpring no more;
" Shed your Leaves, and hang your Head,
" And with me her Loſs deplore!
" Unconſcious of the poignant Woe
" Which for her ſake I undergo,
" My loud Complaints ſhe neither hears,
" Nor ſees, nor pities theſe my Tears!
" Death, in everlaſting Chains
" My tend'reſt ſofteſt Relative retains!

VII.

Miſtaken Thought! thy lov'd *Favonia* lives;
And the dark Horrors of the Grave ſurvives:
Eſcap'd from all the Miſeries below;
Eſcap'd from ev'ry mortal Woe.

No threatning Comet with malignant Ray,
Portentous, nor devouring Fires, by Night;
Nor Plagues, nor dire Alarms, by Day,
Can evermore the fearleſs Saint affright.
Should ſhudd'ring Nature, with convulſive Throws,
Shatter the Mountains, and Earth's Womb diſcloſe;
Should fair *Auguſta*'s glitt'ring Tow'rs, which riſe
With ſpiry Pride, contiguous to the Skies,
Subverted from their firm Foundations, fall,
And to the Center ſink of the wide-gaping Ball;
From all Surprize and Terror free,
She'd range yon gilded Galaxy.
Fixt on th' Almighty's ample Works ſhe'd rove;
Nor heed the Ruin of this Nether World;
But wing'd with Contemplation, wing'd with Love,
Thro' bright lacteal Ways,
And Globes, which in the boundleſs Æther blaze,
Would her prodigious Flight be hurl'd!
There, would ſhe Wonders infinite explore;
And the Creator-God with freſh Delights adore.

VIII.

VIII.

Thus lives Divine *Favonia*, now,
At once ſecure, and happy, there;
Yet mindful of her pious Son below,
She deigns (not ſeldom) hither to repair.
Not all the Glories of the Sky;
Not all the gliſt'ring Worlds on high;
Nor all the num'rous Wonders there,
Divert her ſoft and gentle Care;
Nor can detain her from her vow'd Deſcent
To whiſper to thy Soul, calm Quiet and Content.
Oft at the Time when Noiſe and Tumults ceaſe,
And all lies wrap'd in univerſal Peace;
From Skies remote, like ſome ſwift-ſhooting Star,
She darts into the ſublunary Air;
And hov'ring waits 'till the reſplendent Moon
" Has wheel'd her rolling Orb to Night's pale Noon;
Then, on her limpid Beams
She glides, with eager Haſte, to viſit thee;

While all around a lambent Glory gleams,
And ſpeaks the bright'ning Ghoſt's Complacency.

IX.

O Muſe, I burn the Charity to ſing,
And tender Care of this unbody'd Friend;
Who from celeſtial Joys does thus deſcend,
Kind Succours to her mournful Son to bring.
Lo, how ſhe ſmiles, *Euryalus* again
(Secure of Life) to view,
Whom, late (oppreſs'd with Doubts and dying Pain)
She kiſs'd, and bade eternally Adieu!
But what Pathetic Verſe
The ſoft maternal Paſſions can rehearſe,
Which in the gentle Spirit riſe,
When Sorrows Enſigns on his Face ſhe ſpies?
When ſhe beholds that Seat of Woe,
And what collected Damps, hang heavy on his Brow?

X.

She, in her ſubtil Vehicle, conveys
Her ſelf, thro' all the pervious Ways,
Thro' each Meander of the Ductile Brain;
And there awakes, and there excites
The loſt Ideas of Delights,
With all their bright and chearful Train.
In theſe forſaken Paths of Joy,
The Vital Meſſengers ſhe guides:
But from the gloomy Labyrinths of Fear,
Diſtreſs, and dark Deſpair;
From ev'ry foul and complicated Cell,
Where Horror, Grief, and black Ideas dwell;
(Corroſive Ills that Life deſtroy!)
Their fatal Courſe ſhe turns with Care,
And from thoſe baleful Regions far divides.
Then, gaudy Scenes, and radiant Viſions riſe,
Infuſing Indolence, and gay Delight:
Before the breaking Day the Darkneſs flies,

And Miſts which clog the Spirits in their Flight.
The frozen Blood the kindly Influence knows;
With proper Heat, and kindling Warmth it glows,
And with a briſker Dance, in tepid Currents flows.

XI.

Hail mighty Love! thou Principle Divine!
Whoſe active Beams eternal ſhine!
How happy is the ſacred Breaſt
Which harbours thee, Celeſtial Gueſt!
Thy faithful Fire,
No Place, nor Time, can cauſe t' expire!
Death, and the Grave, both hope in vain,
A Conqueſt over thee to gain:
In vain the poiſon'd Arrow flies,
And Show'rs of fatal Darts ariſe.
Nothing can quench thy everlaſting Flames
Triumphant Love! thou holieſt, beſt of Names!

XII.

But whither do I ſtray,
On the ſwift Wings of Rapture born away?
Subſide my Soul; reſtore my Peace;
Let theſe tumultuous Tranſports ceaſe;
That ſo, with a ſedater Thought, I may
Th' internal Impulſe, which I feel, obey;
The ſacred Dictates, with Compoſure, hear;
And then convey them to the Mourners Ear.
Me, to this End, the Goddeſs-Muſe
Her Prophet, her Interpreter did chuſe.
" Go tell, *Euryalus*, (ſaid ſhe)
" All thou ſhalt hear from me;
" Tell him (effect'ally to cure his Pain)
" That he once more ſhall kind *Favonia* ſee,
" Meet, and embrace, and dwell with her again.
" Tho' frequent now, ſhe gladly leaves
" Yon Azure Fields, and ever-rolling Spheres;
" And Pleaſures from his Sight receives,
" Which more than thoſe bright Orbs her Spirit chears:

" A Time will come, when he ſhall yield to Fate,
" And prove that ſeparated State:
" Then, ſhall ſhe claſp his new-born Mind;
" And he his long-loſt Relative ſhall find:
" With her triumphant ſhall he mount the Sky,
" And unimagin'd Miracles deſcry!
" Together ſhall they ſoar, together rove,
" (Still undivided as their Love)
" Thro' ev'ry World, thro' ev'ry radiant Road;
" And take a bliſsful View of all the Works of (God!

XIII.

" There, for a while, does Deſtiny ordain
" The reſting Place from Sin and Pain:
" Myriads of Saints thoſe ample Realms contain.
" Here, pure Philoſophy regales
" Their rais'd, enlarg'd, enlighten'd Souls;
" No cloudy Error here prevails;
" Nor ſacred Truth's convictive Sway controlls.

" Oft

" Oft by the Courtiers of the King of Heav'n
" To the bleſt Throng are grateful Viſits giv'n:
" And ſome they entertain
" With tuneful Hymns; and Songs recite
" Which paint the Glories of their future Reign:
" To ſome, whom Contemplation's ſweet De-(light
" To deep Reſearches does invite,
" Profoundeſt Problems they explain,
" And chaſe all Doubt from their illumin'd Sight.
" Happy the Pupils thus from Darkneſs freed,
" When Angel-Doctors Lectures read!

XIV.

" Here ſhall they dwell, ſerene, a while;
" And ſmoothly the revolving Hours beguile;
" 'Till the compleated Hoaſt of God's Elect,
" Proclaim the Day which all that Hoaſt expect:
" The promis'd Day when they ſhall ſee
" (No longer Strangers to the Bliſs Divine)

" Bea-

" Beatitude it ſelf! the Deity!
" And like the Sons of God for evermore ſhall (ſhine.

XV.

" What potent Sounds, what Eloquence can tell
" The Tranſports that *Euryalus* will feel,
" When with *Favonia*, he ſhall prove
" All thoſe unutterable Joys above?
" When they together ſhall their God admire,
" And with his Beauties feed their raviſh'd Sight:
" To new Aſcents, new Proſpects ſtill aſpire;
" With infinite Surprize, with infinite Delight?

XVI.

" Perfection there, on Viſion waits:
" 'Tis this their Happineſs creates.
" God's everlaſting Glories there,
" Confeſs'd, to ev'ry dazzl'd Sight
" Unvail'd appear!

" They

" They ſee the ſacred Source of all Delight!
" Beauty Originally bright!
" Th' eternal Archetypes of all that's good and fair!
" Treaſures immenſe of Science lie
" Expos'd to ev'ry Eye;
" Where in the unexhauſted Store
" They ſtill new Depths explore,
" And recent Wonders unreveal'd before;
" Which their exalted Minds improve!
" 'Tis but to ſee, to know, and love;
" And in their Breaſts immortal Raptures move!
" No Moment there can idly fly;
" From Strength to Strength they ſwiftly rove:
" The various Round of Joy no Zenith knows;
" Nor Indolence allows:
" The Tide of Pleaſure, there for ever flows;
" And riſes ſtill, to all Eternity!

XVII.

" From hence (as my *Urania* ſings)
" Amongſt the heav'nly Hoaſt, Gradation ſprings:

" From

" From hence, th' Angelick Name,
" Their Order, and Diſtinction claim.
" For when at firſt th' eternal Mind,
" Beings, and Worlds, determin'd to create;
" And, mov'd by ſtrong diffuſive Love, deſign'd
" His Bliſs and Glory to communicate,
" Soon as th' Omnific *Word* was iſſu'd out,
" The pregnant Womb of ancient Night
" Conceiv'd; the teeming Void diſclos'd to Sight
" Ten Thouſand Forms, ſerene, and bright,
" And lovely All, as ruddy Rays of Light.
" When ſprung to Life the Radiant Rank appear'd,
" They tow'rds his Throne their ſhining Forheads rear'd;
" And him their ſacred Sire confeſs'd:
" No warping Thought, no wav'ring Doubt,
" Diſturb'd the prompt Perſuaſion of their Breaſt;
" But bowing low, their God they own'd, and bleſs'd.

XVIII.

XVIII.

" Well-pleas'd, th' Almighty Father did ſurvey
" The fair firſt Fruits of his prolific Pow'r:
" Well-pleas'd, beheld them dwell upon his Face;
" His ſatisfying Splendors trace;
" And gaze, and worſhip, and adore,
" And hail with rapt'rous Hymns th' auſpicious Day.
" Fill'd with Divine Complacency,
" The Great Creator ſmil'd to ſee
" The beauteous Ectypes of his mighty Mind.
" Nor was his Bounty here confin'd;
" Again his Potent *Word* is hear'd;
" Again, another Rank of Eſſences appear'd.
" Theſe too, their Infant Sight uprais'd;
" Like Eaglets, fac'd the glorious Sun;
" And the vaſt Circle of their Joys begun.
" Their Elder Brethren they beheld amaz'd;
" For they, a diſtant Height had gain'd:
" And in Perfection's Race the happy Start obtain'd.

" Gay,

" Gay, with acquir'd ſuperior Flame,
" The *Seraphs* verify their Name:
" And ſhine more eminently bright,
" With greater Glory, and augmented Light.

XIX.

" Lo, how the bounteous Deity,
" Profuſe of Good, and prodigal of Bliſs,
" With laviſh Hand diſpences Happineſs,
" And largely ſcatters endleſs Bleſſings round!
" Nine Times he utter'd that tremend'ous Sound,
" Whoſe all-effecting Energy
" Peopled the wealthy Regions of the Sky,
" And into Being call'd the heav'nly Hoaſt.
" The ready Forms obſequiouſly obey;
" As if at the Command they did rejoyce:
" As if they heard his awful Voice
" In empty Darkneſs where they lay,
" Inſtant, they leap'd to Light, and cover'd all the Coaſt.
" The riſing Orders by their Birth-right claim
" Each its appropriated Name: " The

" The Younger Ranks ſhine forth with dimmer Rays,
" With feebler Beams, and paler Luſtre blaze:
" In higher Orbs their Predeceſſors move
" Superior Science ſhare, and more exalted Love.

XX.

Stop, O my Muſe! thy glowing Rage abate:
Kindly, immortal Nymph, allay
This fierce immod'rate Heat:
I'm blinded with Exceſs of Day:
And giddy, trembling tread, the ſteepy Way!
Conduct me to ſome gentle cool Retreat!
Thy Inſpirations overcome my Brain!
I faint, unable to ſuſtain
The tractleſs and unequal Flight!
I ſink beneath the mighty Toil oppreſs'd!
Lead me to ſome ſoft ſilent Scene;
To Sylvan Shades, and Bow'rs of grateful Green:
There let me recreate my aking Sight;
And with freſh Breezes fan my panting Breaſt.

XXI.

XXI.

Vain Wiſh!—— Th' impatient Goddeſs will not (hear
My empty Vows, my fruitleſs Pray'r:
Again ſhe bids me for the Flight prepare.
She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe bears my Soul away!
And I her high Commands obey.
" One Labour more, young Bard, (ſhe cries)
" Remains; then ſtrike the ſounding String;
" And tell *Euryalus*, (to whom you ſing,)
" That from the Grave his Parent ſhall ariſe.
" Far forward into future Time, extend
" Thy clear poetick Sight, and ſend
" The chearing Proſpect to thy mournful Friend.

XXII.

The Day will come, which in the Book of Fate
Recorded is, on the laſt brazen Leaf:
A certain Day, tho' of an unknown Date;
A Day of Joy to ſome; to ſome of endleſs Grief.
To thoſe, who like *Favonia* ſtood,
Righteous, untainted, pure, and good;

A Day of infinite Delight!
A Day, that never ſhall be clos'd in Night!
Come, Saviour, come, and make no more Delay,
Come (King of Saints!) with Speed away,
And fetch us to thy beatifick Sight!
How long, eternal Bridegroom, wilt thou hide
Thy Beauties from thy wiſhing Bride?
How long, ſhall ſhe
From thy ſweet Preſence baniſh'd be;
And with ſoft Languiſhments thus pine for thee?

XXIII.

Aſcend, Puiſſant Prince, thy Throne;
Put all thy Father's Vengeance on:
Gird thee with Strength, and take thy glitt'ring (Sword;
Clad in Refulgent Arms, appear unrivall'd Lord!
On the paternal Chariot mounted high,
Muſter thy Miniſters of Flame;
(For thou can'ſt call them all by Name)
And lead forth the bright Armies of the Sky,
Thou Fullneſs of the Deity!

Jealous, O God, at length, ariſe,
And come, and quell
The Pow'rs of Sin, of Death, and Hell,
And trample down thine Enemies!
Let *Lucifer*, proud Son of Morn,
To Bliſs deſign'd, and better Honours born,
From thy up-lifted Arm his Doom receive;
Launch thou the Bolt, that his laſt Wound ſhall give,
The Bolt that ſhall to Hell th' Arch-Rebel bear,
And to the faſt Foundations fix him there;
For endleſs Ages to remain,
Struggling beneath the fiery Surge in vain;
And biting with fond Rage his everlaſting Chain.

XXIV.

He comes, he comes, I ſee from far
Sublime in his triumphal Car,
The heav'nly Chief appear,
In all the glorious Pomp of War!
Beneath his Feet thick Clouds of Darkneſs lie;

Over

Over his bleſt exalted Head,
A Saphire Canopy is ſpread:
His lofty Seat, a gaudy Bow,
Whoſe various ſplendid Colours ſhow
A Thouſand Times more fair than ever deck'd (the Sky:
Around his Throne, unnumber'd Angels wait;
And joyntly form his god-like State.
Faint Sounds of Thunder now I hear;
That with a diſtant Grumble ſtrike my Ear.
The vaſt victorious Hoaſt draws near.
Slowly it moves, with ſolemn Pace,
And has an awful-lovely Face.
With frequent Flaſh I ſee red Light'nings play,
And mark with horrid Glare the brighten'd Way.
Enſigns of Almighty Pow'r
Proudly wave aloft before;
And Banners which Cherubick Warriors bear,
With gilded Luſtre wanton in the Air.
Lo, now within the Reach of Human Sight,
With Beauty, dreadful, and with Terror, bright,

The ſhining Multitude appears;
Impending Wreck aſtoniſh'd Nature fears:
Trembling, ſhe hears
The burſting Thunders roll
From Pole to Pole:
Whilſt the frighted Ocean roars,
And bellows hideous, to the ſounding Shores:
Acroſs the crackling Firmament is hurl'd
Ruin, red Bolts, and miſſive Fires;
Rout, and Confuſion fills the flaming World;
And all diſſolv'd, the Univerſe expires.

XXV.

Hark! how the ſignal Trumpets ſound!
Which wake the num'rous Nations under Ground;
And ſummon all the moral World to come
And hear their fix'd irrevocable Doom.
Behold, the quick'ning Duſt with Life inſpir'd
An inſtant Motion has acquir'd;
In haſte, the buſy crouding Atoms fly
From ev'ry Part of Nature's Treaſury,

Their

Their deſtin'd Operation to fulfil,
And execute the Lord of Nature's Will.
The virtuous Souls refined Bodies meet,
And jocund, try their active Feet:
All-glorious is their new-built Frame,
And light, and nimble as th' aſpiring Flame.

XXVI.

Lead me, O Muſe, direct my Eyes
Where I may ſee *Favonia* riſe.
'Tis done.—I ſee her there
From th' ignominious Duſt
Her ſacred Head with Glory rear;
And mingle with th' awaken'd Juſt.
A never-fading Youth, and heav'nly Grace,
And ſpringing Beauties ſparkle in her Face!
What Bloom her Cheeks, what Rays her Eyes adorn!
Fairer than Light that paints the Purple Morn!
Now, joyn'd with the reſplendent Bleſt, ſhe flies,
With eager Joy to meet her Saviour in the Skies.

XXVII.

And now, O Death, grim grizly King
Of Terrors, where's thy threaten'd Sting?
Thy barbed Arrows innocent we find:
And vain thy Triumphs over all Mankind.
What will thy Conqueſts now avail
When a far ſtronger Arm does over thee prevail?
And where, O gloomy Grave,
Are all thy boaſted Victories,
When he thus mighty is to ſave?
How impotent, and vain,
Is ev'ry Bar, and Bolt, and maſſy Chain?
He burſts thy Bolts, thy Bars he breaks,
And into Liberty his Choſen takes:
Smiling with an ineffable Delight
When his redeemed Hoaſt he ſpies,
"Come, O ye Purchaſe of my Blood, he cries,
"Receive the Crowns you've won in Fight;
"And Manſions long prepar'd, in my Great Fa-
(ther's Sight:

"Come

" Come, and the Bliſs of Angels prove,
" In yon celeſtial Courts above,
" For ever fix'd in which Divine Abodes,
" In Glory you ſhall riſe, and ripen into Gods.

EPIPHONEMA,

OR

CONCLUSION.

THUS far, my Friend, (and O let this (ſuffice
To chear thy Soul, and ſtill thy riſing Sighs)
Have I the Dictates of the Muſe obey'd,
And all her healing Strains, to ſooth thy Sorrows (play'd.
For Thee, I tun'd my various-ſounding Lyre:
For Thee, the Muſe did various Verſe inſpire:
For Thee, I follow'd where ſhe led the Way;
And ſtretch'd my Wings in Fields of Native Day;
Soar'd to bright Worlds of ever-flowing Light;
And ſung of Secrets hid from vulgar Sight.

For

For Thee, the ſacred and celeſtial Queen
Spread to my View the viſionary Scene;
Shew'd me the Day which ſpeedily will come;
Shew'd me *Favonia* breaking from the Tomb;
Breaking with Luſtre on my dazzled Eyes;
And ſtreaking as ſhe flew th' enlighten'd Skies.
Small Cauſe of Grief, *Euryalus*, remains,
When thus *Urania* ſings in healing Strains.
Fix thy revolving Thought on that Great Day,
And ſpringing Joy ſhall in thy Boſom play.
Then, ſafely fix'd by thy lov'd Parent's Side,
No Turns of Fate ſhall evermore divide
Your happy Souls; while Angels ſhall admire
Your unextinguiſh'd Flames, and pure Seraphic Fire.

A

SONG

OF

THANKSGIVING,

OR

Part of the 98th Pſalm paraphras'd.

I.

REjoyce, thou World, and all that dwell (therein;
Ye num'rous Sons of *Adam*, firſt begin
This univerſal Song; do you confeſs
Your Saviour's Love, his boundleſs Bounties bleſs:
Let his amazing Acts your Breaſts inſpire
With high poetick Thoughts, and ſacred Fire.

He Death and Hell, with his ſtrong Arm aſſail'd;
And o'er them both victoriouſly prevail'd:
The Wine-Preſs of his Father's Wrath he trod;
And ſingly, bore the Vengeance of a God:
While Floods of Ire upon his Soul were hurl'd,
He ſtood, and ſav'd (*himſelf!*) a ſinking World!
Yield then the Tribute of your nobleſt Praiſe:
New Songs like his unheard-of Mercies raiſe:
For wond'rous Things has our Redeemer done;
And with his own Right-Hand the Conqueſt won.

II.

Ye Angels who ſurround his awful Throne,
The Glories of the ſacred Victor own:
Who mov'd by Pity and immortal Love,
Left his high Seat, and dazling Crown above,
That he from Ruin might Mankind releaſe,
And God's vindictive Wrath, provok'd, appeaſe.
O therefore, let conſpiring Nations bring
Their grateful Thanks, and loud Hoſannas ſing:

Let

Let Shouts triumphal the wide Æther rend;
And to his Throne exulting Lays aſcend.
O praiſe his Name on the ſoft-warb'ling Lyre;
And let the Royal Trumpet lift it higher.
Let ev'ry Part of Nature now combine
In this Grand Choral Symphony to joyn:
" For wond'rous Things has our Redeemer done,
" And with his own Right-Hand the Conqueſt won.

III.

Begin, O Sea, and let thy mighty Voice
Summon thy ſcaly Tenants to rejoice;
Whilſt with glad Mirth thy tumbling Billows roar,
And dance and wanton on the whiten'd Shore.
Ye Silver Floods, who from your lib'ral Source
Thro' num'rous Nations rove with winding Courſe;
What Realms ſoe'er your wand'ring Currents reach,
The juſt Applauſes of our Saviour teach:
Whether with Noiſe you roll your rapid Way,
Or in delightful ſmooth Meanders ſtray;

In

In ſounding Peals his gen'rous Love proclaim;
Or whiſper to the ſmiling Banks his Name.
And ye, O Springs, and bubling Fountains, raiſe
With ev'ry Chryſtal Drop, a Note of Praiſe:
" For wond'rous Things has our Redeemer done,
" And with his own Right-Hand the Conqueſt won.

IV.

Ye ſhining Orbs who in bright Circles roll,
And ſpread your chearing Rays from Pole to Pole;
His Praiſes in your ſilent Courſe declare,
And to each diſtant Zone and Climate bear;
By him your radiant Spheres at firſt were form'd,
And with gay Beams of ſtreaming Light adorn'd:
You ſaw him from the vanquiſh'd Grave ariſe,
And mount triumphant thro' the ſpangled Skies.
Ye bluſt'ring Winds, to him your Homage pay,
Whoſe dread Command both Winds and Storms obey:
Boreas, begin and with thy hoarſer Voice
Roar a loud Baſs; whilſt others ſhall rejoyce

In

In ſhriller Strains, and whiſtle as they paſs
Thro' the tall Trees, or bruſh the bending Graſs:
" For wond'rous Things has our Redeemer done,
" And with his own Right-Hand the Conqueſt won.

V.

Ye gentle Zephyrs, that on balmy Wing
Spic'd Scents and Aromatick Fragrance bring;
Go range the World, exhauſt *Arabia*'s Store,
Sweep ev'ry Flow'r, and ev'ry Grove explore;
Then mount to Heav'n, and there your Odours (blow;
And offer that ſweet Incenſe from below.
Exalt him thus ye Winds! tell ev'ry Tree
The Cauſe of this united Harmony;
Let Pines and Cedars, as ye paſs them o'er,
Bow their aſpiring Heads, and rev'rendly adore.
Ye ſweet melodious Birds, who ſit and ſing,
Or warbling ſoar aloft on painted Wing,
In your brisk artleſs Strains extol his Love,
'Till Sympathy the dancing Leaves ſhall move:

" For

" For wond'rous Things has our Redeemer done,
" And with his own Right-Hand the Conqueſt won.

VI.

Ye Beaſts, who range for Prey the loneſome Wood;
And ye, who graze the ſpringing Herb for Food;
From Fury now, and trembling Terror, free
Forget awhile your Native Enmity:
Ye *Lybian* Tygers, come with fleecy Rams,
And Wolves rapacious, mix with tender Lambs,
The princely Lyon, with the gen'rous Horſe;
Come all of ſavage Rage, or ſinewy Force:
Let ev'ry Creature bear a Part to raiſe
One mighty *Hallelujah* to his Praiſe.
Let thus, all Nature gladly joyn to ſing
The Triumphs of our Saviour and our King:
Let thus, one univerſal Song go round,
And Heav'n's high Roof the joyful Noiſe reſound:
" For wond'rous Things has our Redeemer done,
" And with his own Right-Hand the glorious Con-
(queſt won.

A N

AN

EPISTLE

TO

JEHONIDES.

WHILST you, Dear Youth, frequent (the silent Woods,
The fragrant Fields, and the delightful Floods;
Whilst you, to Groves, and leafy Shades retire,
And Nature in her gaudiest Garb admire;
Shut from the Works of God, I dwell in Town,
Where all those Beauties are unseen, unknown.
No verdant Meadows here refresh our Eyes,
No Sylvan Scenes, no lovely Prospects rise,
No flow'ry Hill, or Vale, nor scarce the Saphire (Skies.

Yet

Yet the ſoft Seaſon (even here) excites
My languid Muſe to meditate her Flights;
She feels the chearing Sun's returning Rays,
Which uſher in the Spring, and prompt her grate-
(ful Lays.
Tho' ſpent with Toil of the laborious Day,
Unapt, her awful Summons I obey;
Yet ſince I hope to warm with ſacred Fire
Thy Breaſt, I gladly take th' harmonious Lyre:
Jocund, I ſtrike my long-neglected Strings,
And mount ſublime on bold aſpiring Wings.

Tho' skilful Bards could ne'er thy Heart ſurprize,
But you their Voices and their Songs deſpiſe;
Tho' tender *Ovid* tunes a taſteleſs Strain,
And witty *Terence* ſpreads his Scenes in vain
To you, who can unmov'd theſe Syrens hear,
And turn aſide your unaffected Ear;
Deaf to the Charms which rooted Rocks can draw,
And make rough Oaks forget great Nature's Law,

Make Savage Lions innocent and tame,
And the fierce Tyger gentle as the Lamb.
Tho' nor the pompous Verſe, nor melting Line,
Nor poliſh'd Numbers can your Soul encline
T' affect the Flow'rs of Wit's luxuriant Soil;
Averſe to Learning's great and glorious Toil;
Yet ſure, you'll read the Pages Heav'n has wrote,
And ponder them with your intenteſt Thought.

There is a Book, which it concerns you near
To weigh, and ſtudy, with devouteſt Care;
A Book, replete with ſweet Angelick Food;
Scriptures Divine! the Will and Word of God!
Shall *God* vouchſafe to teach, and not be heard?
Or ſhall *He* ſpeak, and ſhall not *Man* regard?
This *muſt* be read, this *muſt* be underſtood,
By this alone we learn what's truly good.
Theſe holy Rules to Virtue's Paths invite,
And rather make us Happy than Polite.

Within

Within the Breaſt where once this Light was ſhone,
Uſurping Luſts, and Paſſions, are brought down,
And Reaſon reaſcends her Native Throne.
So plain, ſo eaſy, all theſe Precepts flow,
That none can want Capacity to know:
Yet is it not without its richer Part,
And Paſſages tranſcending Humane Art;
Some Strains, that ſupereminently ſhine,
And prove its high Original, *Divine*;
Prove that its Writers were indeed inſpir'd,
And with a real hallow'd Fury fir'd.
The true *Apollo* did inform their Breaſt,
And ev'ry Page the *very* God confeſt!
Notes as ſublime as any Seraph ſings
Theſe Poets raiſe on their immortal Strings!
What Numbers flow from their mellifluous Pen!
The Symphony of Heav'n's brought down to Men!
No *vain*, or *vulgar* Songs we here behold,
But weightieſt Truths, in loftieſt Language told;

Exalted Lays! which challenge more Regard
Than the *Mæonian* Swan, or *Mantuan* Bard.
Where will you then ſuch finiſh'd Writings find,
Or to direct, or to delight your Mind?
Theſe, O *Jehonides*, inceſſant read,
And in the Ways they chalk, obſequious, tread;
So living you'll be bleſs'd, and happy when you're dead.

Cum

Cum Opus ſuum Manuſcriptum, una cum eleganti Carmine Latino ſibi mitteret illuſtriſſimus Author, ita reſpondit devotiſſimus ſuus: K. C.

AUlæ dulce decus, quem culta Britannia *vellet,*
Scotia *ſeq; ſibi vix peperiſſe, putat;*
Quid, mihi dum nunquam peritura volumina mittis,
Me, niſi mirari, dulcis amice, velis?
Scripta tua in melius qui fingere poſſit, Apellis
Is Venerem, Phidiæ *poſſit & ille* Jovem:
Conſilio ille juvet miſcentem elementa Tonantem,
Rectius & ſoli ſcribere poſſit iter.

Res

TO THE

Earl of Roſcommon.

By *K. C.*

GRACE of the Court! whom *England* fain (would own;
And rougher *Scotland* ſcarce believes her Son:

What, but my Praiſe, expect'ſt thou, charming Friend,
When ſuch immortal Lines to me you ſend?
He that thy poliſh'd Numbers can improve,
May mend the *Grecian* Painter's *Queen of Love*,
Or *Phidias'* Image of Almighty *Jove*:
He, the creating Thund'rer may adviſe
How fairer Worlds by juſter Art might riſe,
And kinder Suns revolve in happier Skies.

Res ſancta eſt, ſurgens veſtra ad faſtigia, vates,

Cui præſens ſemper pectora numen *habet.*

Quantum eſt victuris victuras condere leges,

In litem lauros & revocare novam!

Extinctis vitam dare res eſt quanta! ſed ipſe

Quantus! pars minima eſt muſa diſerta Tui.

The ſacred *Poet* is allow'd *Divine*,
Who ſoaring treads in Steps ſublime as thine;
By Men ador'd, while in his hallow'd Breaſt
The preſent *Deity* reſides confeſt.
What Honours muſt attend his Victor-Name,
Who *Standard-Laws* for growing Wits can frame,
Which, future Candidates muſt ſtill regard,
And to freſh Teſts ſhall call each laurell'd Bard!
To wake th' Inhabitants of Gloom below,
And Life and Light eternal to beſtow,
Is Pow'r Divine!—— Yet ev'n the Dead to raiſe,
Is thy leaſt Glory, and thy ſmalleſt Praiſe.

IN

VIRI PRÆSTANTISSIMI

ISAACI NEWTONI,

Opus Hocce

Mathematico-Physicum

Sæculi Gentisq; nostræ Decus egregium.

EN tibi norma Poli, & divæ libramina molis,
Computus en Jovis; & quas, dum primordia rerum
Conderet, Omnipotens sibi Leges ipse Creator
Dixerit, atq; operum quæ fundamenta locarit.
Intima panduntur victi penetralia cœli,
Nec latet, extremos quæ Vis circumrotet Orbes.

Sol

Upon Sir Iſaac Newton's *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philoſophy.*

LO, here, the Laws that frame the ſtarry Pole!
Behold th' Omnific Builder's wiſe Adjuſtment!
The Counter-poiſes, his unerring Skill
Fixt and eſtabliſh'd, when he rais'd a World!
The ſacred Canons which the Great Creator
Pronounc'd upon himſelf, when firſt he laid
The Strong Foundations of his Work Divine!
This daring Hand from raviſh'd Heav'n has won
Her deep *Arcana:* and to Men reveals
The Force amazing, whoſe impetuous Whirl
Rolls round the various Globes that ſhine remote.

The

Sol ſolio reſidens ad ſe jubet omnia prono

Tendere deſcenſu, nec recto tramite currus

Sidereos patitur vaſtum per inane moveri;

Sed rapit immotis, ſe centro, ſingula gyris.

Hinc patet, horrificis qua ſit via flexa cometis:

Diſcimus hinc tandem, qua cauſa argentea Phœbe

Paſſibus haud æquis eat, & cur ſubdita nulli

Hactenus Aſtronomo numerorum fræna recuſet:

Cur remeent Nodi, curq; Auges progrediantur.

Diſcimus, & quantis reſluum vaga Cynthia Pontum

Virribus impellat; feſſis dum fluctibus ulvam

Deſerit, ac nautis ſuſpectas nudat arenas;

Al-

The Monarch Sun, ſelf-center'd, in his Throne,
With regal Might, compels the Orbs reluctant,
To own their King, inclining to his Footſtool:
He ſuffers not their glitt'ring Cars to rove
Thro' endleſs Lengths of wide Immenſity;
But checks their rapid Courſe, and ſtill ordains
That all ſhall travel round his glorious Seat,
And dance perpetual in their golden Orbits.

Aſtoniſh'd, here, we ſee what Path prodigious
Th' Almighty has preſcrib'd for horrid Comets.
And here, we learn, why the fair Queen of Stars
Directs her ſilent Courſe with Steps unequal:
Why ſhe diſdains th' Aſtronomer's ſtrict Rules,
And mocks, at once, his Numbers and his Toil.
Why th' *Apſides* and *Nodes* contrariant move,
Thoſe, marching forward, theſe, the while, retreating.
What ſecret Force the wand'ring Moon impowers
To rule the Tidy Sea; whoſe weary Waves,
Now, ebbing from the Shore, deſert the Sands,
And leave the naked Boſom of the Deep
Expos'd, and open to profane Spectators; When

Alterniſve ruens ſpumantia littora pulſat.

Quæ toties animos veterum torſere Sophorum,

Quæq; ſcholas hodie rauco certamine vexant,

Obvia conſpicimus; nubem pellente Matheſi:

Quæ ſuperas penetrare domos, atq; ardua Cœli,

Newtoni *auſpiciis, jam dat contingere Templa.*

Surgite Mortales, terrenas mittite curas;

Atq; hinc cæligenæ vires cognoſcite Mentis,

A pecudum vita longe longeq; remotæ.

Qui ſcriptis primus Tabulis compeſcere Cædes,

Furta & Adulteria, & perjuræ crimina Fraudis;

Quive vagis populis circumdare mœnibus Urbes

Auctor erat, Cereriſve beavit munere gentes;

Vel

When now, his ſurging Waters flow, alternate,
And ruſh, and foam, and beat againſt the Banks.

Newton's great Genius with prevailing Beams,
Scatters the Clouds; and glorioufly diſplays
Thoſe hidden Truths, that long perplex'd the Minds
Of doubting Sages; and the Schools involv'd
In endleſs Labyrinths of hoarſe Diſputes.
Triumphant *Newton* leads us thro' the Heav'ns,
Unfolding all the Wonders of the Skies!

Riſe, Mortals, riſe, and quit your earthy Cares,
And learn from hence, with conſcious Joy, to know
Th' Endowments and Capacities profound
Of heav'n-born Minds; to Angels near ally'd.
Leſs he advanc'd Mankind, whoſe righteous *Laws*
Firſt fenc'd the Juſt from Murtherers and Villains;
Leſs he, who firſt reduc'd our vagrant Race
By civil Arts to dwell in walled Cities:
Or he, that firſt the Yellow Harveſt bruis'd,
And bleſs'd the Nations with their proper Food:

Or

Vel qui curarum lenimen preſſit ab uva,
Vel qui Niliaca monſtravit arundine pictos
Conſociare ſonos, oculiſq; exponere Voces;
Humanam ſortem minus extulit; utpote pauca
In commune ferens miſeræ ſolatia vitæ.
Jam vero ſuperis convivæ admittimur, alti
Jura poli tractare licet, jamq; abdita diæ
Clauſtra patent Naturæ, & rerum immobilis ordo;
Et quæ præteritis latuere incognita ſæclis.

Talia monſtrantem juſtis celebrate camænis,
Vos qui cæleſti gaudetis nectare veſci,
Newtonum *clauſi reſerantem ſcrinia Veri*
Newtonum *Muſis carum, curi pectore puro*
Phœbus adeſt, totoq; inceſſit Numine mentem:
Nec fas eſt propius Mortali attingere Divos.

Edm. Halley.

Or he, who firſt from Purple Vines expreſs'd
The Sov'reign Juice that ſoftens all our Cares:
Or laſtly he, that found the happy Art
With pictur'd Thoughts to ſtain the conſcious Pa-
-(per.
All theſe, can only boaſt they introduc'd
Some few mean Comforts of a wretched State:
But here, we're brought to Banquet with the Gods!
To know great Nature's Laws and ſecret Springs!
Th' eternal Order of the Works Divine!
And Truths conceal'd from all the Ages paſt.

Ye, therefore, who affect this heav'nly Feaſt,
O celebrate, in worthy Strains, the Man,
The great Diſcoverer of ſuch mighty Things!
He that unlocks the Cabinets of Truth!
Prodigious *Newton!* Favourite of Heaven!
Whoſe ſacred Boſom ſeems to have engroſs'd
The total Stores of Science! and than whom
No Mortal nearer ſhall approach the Gods.

THE INCARNATION.

A Hymn ſung by ſome Children at Church.

First Voice. *Solo.*

COME, let our Infant-Lips proclaim
The Birth of an Incarnate God!
O let our Notes exalt his Name,
And ſpread his Glory all Abroad.
In ſweeteſt Verſe
Let us rehearſe
How much he did, how much he lov'd:
In ſolemn Strains
Recite the Pains
And Sorrows which for us he prov'd.

Re-

Reſponſe.

Second Voice. *Solo.*

The Bleſſed Virgin's hallow'd Womb
Receiv'd the Godhead from on high!
He left for that contracted Room
The chryſtal Palace of the Sky!
His heav'nly Hoaſt
In Wonder loſt,
With ſilent Harps admiring ſtood:
'Till *Gabriel*'s Tongue
Divinely ſung
The Triumphs of a *Saviour*'s Blood.

CHORUS.

With tuneful Art, and Vocal Skill,
JESUS, thy Love we will relate!
Thy Houſe with loud Hoſannas fill,
And thus thy Angels imitate!
Accept the Praiſe
Our Earth-born Lays

With grateful Pride aſpire to bring:
And from thy Throne,
Well-pleas'd, look down,
And ſmile upon us while we ſing: *Hallelujah.*

THE

THE ASCENSION.

MUSE, to a Trumpet change thy feeble Lyre,
And Thoughts and Sounds that fit a God inſpire.

The ſacred Suff'rer bow'd his dying Head;
In the cold Earth his lovely Limbs were laid;
But ſee!— His Pow'r, triumphant, he diſplays;
Aſſerts his Godhead; and with Native Rays
Adorns his radiant Brow; his glorious Eyes
Break forth with all the Brightneſs of the Skies:
Celeſtial Majeſty, and regal Grace,
With ſweeteſt Mercy, mingle in his Face.
Behold his tender Air!—— "Adieu, he cries,
"My Friends, 'till ye ſhall follow thro' theſe Skies."
He ſaid; and mounted from their eager Eyes.

His heav'nly Armies pour'd in Millions down
To meet their God aſcending to his Throne.
High in the Van his Father's Chariot roll'd
On *Beryl* Wheels, and canopy'd with Gold,
The *Ruby* Seat on *Saphire* Pillars lies,
Flames to the Sight, and burns along the Skies.
To the bright Axle which the Frame ſuſtain'd,
Satan, transfix'd with Thunderbolts, was chain'd.
The King of Glory now reſumes his State,
And harneſs'd Cherubs drag his welcome Weight.
He rides in Triumph thro' th' Ætherial Road,
Confeſs'd a Conqu'rer, and confirm'd a God.

Written in the Blank Page of a Book, entitled, The Principles of Deiſm truly repreſented, and ſet in a clear Light.

LAyman, or Prieſt, whoe'er thou art, permit
Th' admiring Muſe to praiſe thy hallow'd Wit;
Whoſe Charms are doubly ſtrong, thus us'd aright,
And paint the *Deiſt* in his Native Light.
Stript of his ſpecious Mask, and fair Diſguiſe,
We view the horrid Form with ſtartled Eyes.
Atheiſts, in Terms avow their black Deſign,
And ſcorn with *covert* Arts to undermine:
Theſe, *ſecret*, cut Religion's Holy Ties;
And with *clandeſtine* Arms aſſault the Skies:
Perfidious, with their Lips, a *God* they own;
Yet mock his *Laws*, and pull his *Altars* down.
But ſee, ye Hypocrites, your Wiles diſplay'd,
And level with the Ground, your idle Syſtems laid.

You boaſt your *Wit*, but *Reaſon* ſhows her Head,
And ſtrait your *Proteus*-Principles are fled.
Are *theſe* the Mortals of prodigious Mind,
Of elevated Soul, and Sentiments refin'd?
Who build ſuch vain, ſuch incoherent Schemes,
Like Childrens Carded Roofs, or ſick Mens Dreams.

AN

A N

EPITAPH.

Stay

TRAVELLER,

Read

and

Edify.

Here lies all that is corruptible

Of Mrs. *M*—— *H*——,

Late the Beloved Wife

Of Mr. *T*—— *H*——;

Who

As a Teſtimony of his Never-dying Eſteem

Has rais'd this Monument

Sacred to her Memory.

Her

Her Worth

Mocks Inſcription.

The Purity of her Heart

Was known to GOD.

Her beneficial Life

And Holy Converſation

Were Eminently conſpicuous to all around her.

Her Conjugal Affection

Was truly Singular,

Being conſtantly attended

With ſuch a *Chaſte* Behaviour

And ſuch *Diſtreet* Endearments,

As might juſtly render her

A *Patern* to the Tender Sex.

And indeed

She diſcharg'd all the Duties

Of the Various Relations ſhe ſuſtain'd,

With that Decent Grace

And Becoming Elegance,

As made *Virtue* always appear

Lovely

Lovely
and
Amiable.
HEAVEN,
Whoſe Sovereign Will muſt be obey'd,
Would not indulge her Husband
The Poſſeſſion of ſo Great a Treaſure
Longer than Three ſhort Years.
In which Time ſhe bore him Two Daughters,
Dear Pledges of their Nuptial Love,
MARY
and
ANNA MARIA.
The Former,
Is now with her Mother among the Saints.
The Latter,
Survives to be the ſoft Comfort
Of her Mourning Father.
READER,
Humanity will teach Thee

To

To pity the Depriv'd and Afflicted:
And *Wiſdom*'s Awful Voice
Commands Thee to Emulate
The Venerable Character of the Deceaſed.
When thou departeſt therefore from this Tomb,
Go, and do Thou likewiſe.
Practiſe, with Her,
The *Virtues*
Which the Goſpel of *Jeſus Chriſt* enjoyns;
And then,
Thou ſhalt riſe, with her,
To the Everlaſting Joys
And Immarceſſible Glories
Which are purchas'd for the Faithful
By the Adorable Captain
of our
Salvation.

AN

AN

ODE

Preſented to the

KING,

Upon his Majeſty's Arrival

AT

GREENWICH.

Quis Parthum paveat
——Incolumi Cæſare? Horace.
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Luſtrabunt convexa, polus dum ſidera paſcet;
Semper honos, Nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt.
Virg.

GREENWICH

KING'S

ODE

A N

O D E

Preſented to the

K I N G.

I.

DREAD SIR,

WHILE Widow'd Nations your Protection court,
And ask with joynt Conſent your great Support;
While *Britain*'s Laws require your Righteous Reign,
And while your Guardian Arms her Liberties maintain;

II.

Vouchſafe t' accept the Tributary Lay
Th' Ambitious *Muſe* does to her *Sov'reign* pay:

Her

Her grateful *Pæans*, mighty *Monarch*, hear;
And to her ſoaring Song incline thy Royal Ear.

III.

Thrice Hail! *Propitious Prince!* aſcend thy Throne,
In *Britain* make thy Regal Virtues known:
O let their Luſtre ſtrike our wond'ring Sight,
And gladden all the Land with their diffuſive Light.

IV.

At thy Acceſſion, Bleſt *Britannia* ſmiles,
And lifts her Head above her Siſter *Iſles*:
A *Queen*, ſuperior in triumphant Pride;
She gaily ſmiles again, tho' Gracious *Anna* dy'd.

V.

At thy Approach, ſubſide her pious Tears,
Check'd are her Griefs, and quieted her Fears.
Hark! thy glad Subjects joyful *Io*'s ſing,
And ecchoing Skies reſound, *Our Father! and our King!*

VI.

VI.

Thou, *Sacred George!* each ſuppliant Vow wilt hear;
And readily accord thy People's Pray'r.
Tho' now Great *Stuart*'s Race exhauſted, ends,
Yet *Brunſwick*'s mighty Line, ſhall amply make a-
(mends.

VII.

See, the long Train of *Albion*'s *Nobles* come
T' attend their *Prince* in welcome Triumph Home.
Magnificence, and *Pomp* Imperial, wait
Around, and with him march *Solemnity* and *State*.

VIII.

Roll ſoft, O *Thames*, thy gently-gliding Flood;
And from thy Bed view the *Vicegerent-God*.
The flowing * *Leine* his *Maſter*'s Loſs deplores;
And ſad † *Onacra* ſighs to his forſaken Shores.

---

* *The Name of the River on which the City of* Hanover *is built.*

† *The City of* Brunſwick *ſtands on that River.*

IX.

Hail Queen of Cities! Hail, *Auguſta* bright!
Be, as thy Country's Pride, thy *King*'s Delight!
For Thee, He quits rich *Hanover*'s fair Seat;
And *Brunſwick*'s ancient Tow'rs ſo venerably Great.

X.

Be wiſe, ye *Nations*, court *Britannia*'s Lord,
And dread his Thunder, and his Flaming Sword.
O *France!* let now thy leſſen'd *Lewis* own
Superior in the World are *Britain*'s *Monarchs* known.

XI.

Great *George* the Sceptre ſways!— the pleaſing Sound,
Does from the Hills, and Vales, and Rocks rebound!
Such ſhining Scenes ſurpriſe the raptur'd *Muſe*,
She with a Tow'ring Flight the joyous Theme purſues.

XII.

Whether our Royal *Heroe*'s Boſom glows
To pour Deſtruction on his Country's Foes,

To

To lead his *Britons* ardent to the War,
And with his own Right-Hand to launch the point-
(ed Spear;

XIII.

Or elſe, content to check his *Martial* Fires,
And the Big Thoughts the *Love of Arms* inſpires,
He meditates to make his Realms renown'd
In happy *Arts* of *Peace*, with milder Glory crown'd;

XIV.

Still with unrival'd Splendor ſhall he ſhine;
And recreate our Eyes with Rays Divine:
Still ſhall the Warrior-Laurel ſhade his Brow;
Or verdant Olive-Wreaths Eternal Grace beſtow.

XV.

But oh! permit the weary World to reſt;
Nor let th' impriſon'd Furies be releaſt!
Still let the Trumpet's Hoſtile Clangor ceaſe;
Nor break with dire Alarms, *Europa*'s downy Peace!

XVI.

Bleſs'd may the Gates of *Janus* ſtill remain;
And whiteſt Years attend thy happy Reign.
May reſtleſs *Faction* quit our ſmiling Land,
Far may the *Dæmon* fly, nor tempt thy vengeful Hand.

THE

THE FIFTH ODE OF THE *Fourth Book of* Horace, IMITATED: And apply'd to the KING.

By a LADY.

THE

FIFTH ODE

OF THE

Fourth Book of Horace,

IMITATED:

And apply'd to the

KING.

By a LADY.

The FIFTH ODE OF THE *Fourth Book of* Horace, IMITATED: And apply'd to the KING.

I.

O Thou! whom Heav'n's propitious Pow'r
Ordain'd to do fair *Britain* Right,
Her ancient Luſtre to reſtore,
Return; and glad her longing Sight.

Divis orte bonis, optime *Romule*
Cuſtos gentis, abes jam nimium diu:
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto Concilio, redi.

Return, Great Prince! and grace our Iſle
With thy auſpicious Rays:
Her Sun to welcome Thee will ſmile,
And ſhine in brighter Days.

II.

As our fond Sex all drown'd in Tears
For their long-abſent Sons complain;
They Heav'n alarm with Vows and Pray'rs,
With wiſhful Eyes look o'er the Main.
Nor will they from the Shores remove,
But ſtill impatient mourn:
Thus *Britain* pines with loyal Love,
'Till her Great Lord's Return.

Lucem redde tuæ, Dux bone, patriæ;
Inſtar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulſit populo, gratior it dies,
Et Soles melius nitent.
Ut Mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu *Carpathii* trans maris æquora
Cunctantem ſpatio longius annuo
Dulci diſtinet à Domo,
Votis omnibuſque & precibus vocat;
Curvo nec faciem littore demovet:
Sic, deſideriis icta fidelibus.
Quærit patria *Cæſarem*.

III.

III.

The Laſs now jocund milks our Kine,
Which we ſecurely grazing view:
Our Publick Fears we now reſign,
And our Domeſtick Cares renew.
The Merchant plows the Briny Flood
To fetch us rich Brocades;
And *Carolina*, Great, and Good,
To virtuous Life perſuades.

IV.

That Juſtice now reſumes her Sword,
And with an equal Ballance weighs;
That Vice begins to be abhor'd,
'Tis *George* alone deſerves the Praiſe.
Happy in Honours thou haſt won!
Bleſt in thy Royal Race!

Totus bos etenim rura perambulat;
Nutrit rura *Ceres*, almaque Fauſtitas;
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ:
Culpari metuit Fides.
Nullis polluitur caſta domus ſtupris:
Mos & lex maculoſum edomuit nefas----

While

While we contemplate in thy Son,
Thy Virtue, Worth, and Grace!

V.

Who fears the falſe rapacious *Scot?*
The *French?* the *Swede's* Romantick Pride?
Who dreads what Tripple Mitres plot,
While *George* and Heav'n eſpouſe our Side?
While he is ſafe, we're free from Harms,
And void of Female Fears;
No anxious Thoughts impair our Charms,
Or dim our Eyes with Tears.

VI.

To Thee our pureſt Wiſhes flow,
To Thee our grateful Songs are due;
Religion, Liberty we owe
To Great *Naſſau*, and Greater *You*.

Quis *Parthum* paveat? Quis gelidum *Scythen*,----
----- Incolumi *Ceſare*? Quis feræ
Bellum curet *Iberiæ*?-----
Te multa prece, te proſequitur mero
Defuſo pateris, & Laribus tuum
Miſcet nomen-----

Long

Long, long may you our Iſle adorn,
While All confeſs your gentle Sway:
Theſe are our Toilet-Vows each Morn,
And theſe, each Ev'ning, crown our Tea.

Longas ô utinam, Dux bone, Ferias
Præſtes *Heſperiæ*, dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi
Cum Sol Oceano ſubeſt.

VER-

VERSES

Occaſion'd by Reading the Foregoing ODE.

I.

WHEN fam'd *Auguſtus* rul'd the *Roman* (State,
And bleſs'd the World with his indulgent Sway;
Around his Throne did all the Muſes wait,
The Monarch's Worth and Glory to diſplay.

II.

Then, liſt'ning *Tyber* heard th' *Horatian* Lyre
His mighty Maſter's godlike Acts rehearſe:
The *Mantuan*'s Boſom glow'd with Hallow'd Fire,
Raiſing his Patron in immortal Verſe.

III.

III.

But lo! a Greater than *Auguſtus* reigns
O'er our more happy, yet *ungrateful* Land!
Oh! let the Muſe Divine, with ſacred Strains,
The Madneſs of an impious Age withſtand.

IV.

Tis done—— *Meliſſa* wakes the warbling Strings;
Hark! how the Loyal Fair, in Learned Lays,
The firſt of Men! and beſt of Princes! ſings,
Teaching her Sweet-Ton'd Harp our Sov'reign's (lofty Praiſe.

THE CONTENTS.

Page

TO Strephon, *with my Poems to* Philesia. 3

To Philesia. *An Ode.* 8

To Damon, *telling me* Philesia *was a very pretty Lady.* 111

Corydon *and* Thyrsis. *A Pastoral.* 13

To Cupid. *An* Anacreontic. 19

Upon seeing Philesia *at her Window, viwing a Wedding. A Pindarick Ode.* 23

A Letter from the Country, to Philesia *in Town.* 29

To Philesia, *the Day before her coming to Town. A Song.* 34

The Seasons. A Poem. Dedicated to Philesia. 37

A Song. 68

To Sylvia. *An Epistle.* 69

To Lelia, *sending me some Verses out of the* Tatler. 72

To Lelia. *A Song.* 74

The Troubled Fair. 76

A Nuptial Song. 79

Verses on a Friend's Marriage. 88

An Epithalamium *Address'd to* Mirtilla, *on her Marriage and consequent Departure from* England. 91

Prologue to Sir Courtley Nice, *acted by some young Gentlemen.* 101

Stanza's to the Lord Treasurer, on the Peace. 104

Elegy. 109

London-Bridge. 117

Favonia. *A Consolatory Ode, to* Euryalus. 119

The CONTENTS.

A Song of Thanksgiving, or Part of the 19th Pſalm paraphras'd. 154
An Epiſtle to Jehonides. 160
Latin Verſes to the Earl of Roſcommon. *By* K. C. 166
The ſame tranſlated. 167
Dr. Halley's *Latin Verſes to Sir* Iſaac Newton. 170
The ſame tranſlated. 171
The Incarnation. *A Hymn. Sung by ſome Children at Church.* 178
The Aſcenſion. 181
Verſes written in the Blank Page of a Book, entitled, The Principles of Deiſm truly repreſented, and ſet in a clear Light. 183
Epitaph. 185
An Ode. Preſented to the KING, *upon his Majeſty's Arrival at* Greenwich. 189
The 5th Ode of the 4th Book of Horace, *imitated and applied to the* KING. *By a Lady.* 197
Verſes occaſion'd by reading the foregoing Ode. 206

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM